

DOCTOR WHO

THE ANGEL OF SCUTARI

A four-part story by PAUL SUTTON

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

Time traveller's companion.

HEX: PHILIP OLIVIER

Time traveller's other companion.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE:

(34) A religious woman, driven by work, to the exclusion of her personal life.

WILLIAM RUSSELL: (also RUSSIAN DUNGEON GUARD)

(33) *Times* correspondent in Scutari. Irish, one of the lads.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BARTHOLOMEW 'BARTY' KITCHEN:

(52) A British hero; or is he...?

LEV TOLSTOY: (also PRESTON)

(26) Gambler, womaniser, recently lost his house.

SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR: (also SEBASTOPOL SOLDIER)

(57) British Ambassador in St Petersburg; a bit of a fop.

SIR SIDNEY HERBERT/TZAR NICHOLAS I:

(44) British Minister for War/(58) Strong-willed Russian ruler, with a chip on his shoulder.

ALSO: WOUNDED SOLDIER; LIEUTENANT.

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PART ONE

(PRE-CREDITS:)

SCENE 1: NARRATION

RUSSELL:

At ten minutes past eleven, the Light Brigade advanced.

(FX: DRUMMING HOOFBEATS)

As they charged towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles.

(FX: FUSILLADE OF RIFLE SHOTS – VOLLEY AFTER VOLLEY)

The Light Brigade swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of one thousand, two hundred yards, the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty cannon-mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls.

(FX: CANNON FIRE. HORSES STRUCK. MEN CRYING OUT. THIS IS THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE – A TERRIBLE, ONE-SIDED SLAUGHTER)

Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain...

(FX: CUT FX. SILENCE)

At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

SCENE 2: INT. OFFICE (WHITEHALL) [LATE OCT]

(FX: FADE UP. FROM OUTSIDE, BIG BEN BEGINS TO CHIME TWELVE. INSIDE, PENDULUM MECHANISM OF A CABINET CLOCK. IN THIS SCENE THE ANTEROOM IS TILED, THE OFFICE CARPETED)

KITCHEN:

Just get on with it, damn you!

SIDNEY:

Very well, Brigadier-general Kitchen. The reason you've been called before me is -

KITCHEN:

Just say it, Herbert! You're demanding I resign my commission on grounds of mental instability.

SIDNEY:

Nothing so dramatic, my dear fellow. Extended leave for perhaps... six months?

KITCHEN:

(FX: THUMPS TABLE) Are you aware of the facts, sir?

SIDNEY:

I read your report. I've also received a telegram from Sir Hamilton Seymour in St Petersburg.

KITCHEN:

I got him! I ran the traitor down and I got him! You need men like me. Heroes. I'm a bally hero!

SIDNEY:

(CONCERNED) Bartholomew...?

KITCHEN:

I should not have left St Petersburg. And you cannot prevent my returning. Men like me are needed over there. Men who can make tough decisions.

SIDNEY:

Bartholomew, are you well-?

KITCHEN:

Sebastopol should never have happened! Men have died and it's your fault! Men have died! (BEAT) No. Thank you for your offer of a period of extended leave, Sir Sidney, but I shall not be requiring it. (WALKING) Good day, Minister.

(FX: DOOR OPENS; THEN SHUTS FIRMLY)

SIDNEY:

(LOW, TO HIMSELF) Poor fellow. Poor fellow.

(FX: LIGHT KNOCK ON OFFICE DOOR)

SIDNEY:

Come in.

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

FLORENCE:

Sir Sidney.

SIDNEY:

(FX: HEAVY CHAIR MOVES BACK AS SIDNEY STANDS) Dear lady. Thank you for coming.

FLORENCE:

May I ask who that was? The man who just left?

SIDNEY:

Ah. You heard everything then.

FLORENCE:

He seems a very troubled soul.

SIDNEY:

He is. Please: have a seat.

(FX: FLORENCE AND SIDNEY BOTH SIT)

SIDNEY:

Brigadier-general Kitchen. Ten days ago he ran a Russian collaborator to ground in Kursk, and killed him. Since then he's not been himself, no-one knows why.

FLORENCE:

Was there a conflagration? Was he hurt?

SIDNEY:

No. He just seems to have taken it rather hard. But how are you, Miss Nightingale? I've not seen you since you returned from Germany.

FLORENCE:

Rather anxious to know when you are sending me to Scutari. (FX: RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER) I have been reading Mr Russell's correspondences from the Crimea in the pages of *The Times*. By his account, I cannot depart too soon. (READING) "A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death —"

SIDNEY:

(FX: SNATCHING NEWSPAPER AWAY) Oh, never mind all that, Florence dear. Have you spoken to Richard?

FLORENCE:

Sidney...

SIDNEY:

You never answered my letter, asking about him.

FLORENCE:

Richard has proposed to me.

SIDNEY:

Well, why on Earth didn't you say?!? That's marvellous!

FLORENCE:

And I have turned him down.

(FX: SIDNEY SLAPS A HAND ANGRILY ON THE TABLE)

SIDNEY:

Oh Florence, you're insufferable! That poor man has been in love with you for longer than I've known you. And you with him. Why do you torture yourself like this? Marry the man! He's a baron, for goodness' sake –

FLORENCE:

Sidney, please. I learned so much in Germany. The dedication I saw towards the sick and deprived... That is my ideal. It is very selfish of me to live my life this way, I know, but that is between me and God.

SIDNEY:

Then the fellow should give you a good talking-to, if you ask me! Sorry.

FLORENCE:

I know my own heart as well as He does, and I have come to understand that I must deny myself the love of a man. That is simply the way it has to be.

SIDNEY:

Poppycock!

FLORENCE:

I can live without love. I cannot live without my work. (BEAT) When do I leave for Scutari?

SIDNEY:

(HEAVY SIGH) The aim is for you to arrive by the second week in November.

FLORENCE:

A fortnight?

SIDNEY:

You'll have to start the day after tomorrow, at the latest.
Won't be all on your own, of course -

FLORENCE:

I should hope not -

SIDNEY:

First-rate fellow turned up there out of the blue, a week or
so ago. Some sort of medico. (FX: RUSTLING PAPER)

FLORENCE:

A doctor-?

SIDNEY:

Here he is. (READING) Schofield. 'Thomas Hector Schofield.'
Regular angel of mercy, by all accounts.

FLORENCE:

Well, I look forward to making his acquaintance.

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 3: EXT. DECK OF A RUSSIAN SHIP (SEBASTOPOL) [LATE SEP]

(FX: CREAKING WOODEN DECK. STRONG LAP OF WATER AGAINST SHIP'S HULL. TARDIS MATERIALISES, DOOR OPENS)

ACE:

(EXITING) This is it, then, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(EXITING) This is it, Ace. (FX: CLOSING DOOR) The port of Sebastopol, on the night of September the twenty-fifth, 1854.

ACE:

We've gone back almost four weeks.

DOCTOR:

And a good two hundred and fifty miles across the Black Sea, yes —

ACE:

(WALKING ABOUT, SLIGHTLY OFF) Hang on. This is a ship!

DOCTOR:

Yes, but not at sea, we're in the port. See? One gangplank.

ACE:

Yeah, a Russian ship-?

DOCTOR:

The — (READING) *Pride of Circassia*, yes —

ACE:

In the middle of the Siege of Sebastopol-?

DOCTOR:

Yes —

(FX: DISTANT CANNON FIRE)

ACE:

Cannon fire.

DOCTOR:

Cannon fire?

ACE:

(PANICKING) Doctor, they're aiming at [us-!!!]

(FX: DROWNED OUT BY CANNONBALL WHIZZING OVER SHIP)

DOCTOR:

Down!!!

(FX: IMPACT, OFF. DISTANT CANNON FIRE CONTINUES THROUGH:)

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

(COUGHING – SMOKE) It seems the British have turned their guns on the Russian fleet...

ACE:

(COUGHING – SMOKE) Nice one.

DOCTOR:

Well, it's not my fault-!

ACE:

It's completely your fault!

DOCTOR:

I don't know what you mean.

ACE:

Oh, don't tell me you didn't engineer all this. Us just happening to turn up at a British army barracks in Turkey? Somewhere Hex could do some good, after what he went through on Bliss-?

TOLSTOY:

(OFF, FROM PORTSIDE) You! By the lifeboats!

ACE:

You're at it again! Thinking you know what's best for everyone
—

DOCTOR:

(HISSED) Quiet, Ace-!

TOLSTOY:

(OFF) (FX: FLINTLOCK COCKED) Who are you? What are you doing?

ACE:

(SOTTO) Yeah, yeah, the sailor's seen us. We're supposed to be captured, remember?

DOCTOR:

I'm supposed to be captured. Sir Hamilton's report said nothing about you.

TOLSTOY:

(OFF) You men — follow me!

(FX: THREE RUSSIANS APPROACH HURRIEDLY UP GANGPLANK FROM OFF)

ACE:

Now he tells me-!

DOCTOR:

Nothing our Mister Russell read about, anyway. Certainly, he didn't mention you, back at Scutari.

ACE:

So I'm staying at large then. What else did this report say?

DOCTOR:

That when I was brought to St Petersburg, my clothes were covered in blood.

ACE:

(SARCASTIC) Nice -

(FX: 3 x RUSSIAN SAILORS APPROACH ACROSS THE DECK.)

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Here they come. Stay down! I don't think they've seen you -

TOLSTOY:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Come out from there! Come out or my men will drag you out!

DOCTOR:

(ALoud) No need for that - Ensign, is it?

TOLSTOY:

Arrest that man!

(FX: THREE SWORDS ARE PULLED FROM SCABBARDS)

DOCTOR:

On what charge-?

TOLSTOY:

Signalling to the British fleet!

DOCTOR:

Don't be ridiculous - (ALARM) *Duck!!!*

(FX: CANNONBALL WHIZZES OVERHEAD)

TOLSTOY:

What-?

(FX: IMPACT AND SPLINTERING OF RIGGING. A HEAVY CRACKING OF WOOD FROM A LITTLE WAY OFF)

ACE:

(ALoud) Doctor, back to the TARDIS! Come on!

DOCTOR:

(WARNING) No, Ace! It's not safe-! The mast-!

TOLSTOY:

(DAZED) Where did she come from?

(FX: CREAKING AS MAST BEGINS TO TOPPLE)

DOCTOR:

Look out-!!!

ACE:

Oh God. Stupid -

(FX: TREMENDOUS CRASH!!! AS THE MAST THUMPS DOWN ONTO THE DECK... ON TOP OF ACE)

DOCTOR:

Ace!

TOLSTOY:

Leave her. She's been crushed -

DOCTOR:

(TO SAILORS) You men. Help me raise the mast! (BEAT) Well? Do you want to capture one spy, or two?

TOLSTOY:

(RESIGNED) Like he says -

DOCTOR:

On three. One, two, three - heave!

DOCTOR & TOLSTOY & SAILORS:

(EFFORT)

(FX: CREAKING OF MAST AS IT'S SHIFTED OFF ACE)

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Ace! Speak to me! Ace!

TOLSTOY:

All that blood from a head wound. If she's not dead yet, she ought to be -

ACE:

(GROANS)

DOCTOR:

I've got you, Ace! You: help me get her to the [TARDIS -]

ACE:

(PAINED) The blue box, he means –

DOCTOR:

Yes, (HOISTING ACE – EFFORT) ... the blue box! Help me get her to the blue box!

TOLSTOY:

What blue box-?

DOCTOR:

That blue box!!! Ace, can you walk?

ACE:

Dunno. (PAIN) A bit.

DOCTOR:

Then walk!

ACE:

(LIMPING OFF – PAIN) 'Kay –

TOLSTOY:

I don't think so. (FX: FLINTLOCK COCKED) I'm arresting you both in the name of Tzar Nicholas the First!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) You just carry on, Ace –

TOLSTOY:

Don't make me shoot you!

DOCTOR:

(TO ACE) Carry on-!

TOLSTOY:

I'm warning you-!!!

(FX: CANNONBALL SAILING OVER...)

DOCTOR:

(SEEING CANNONBALL APPROACH) And I'm warning you: duck!!!

TOLSTOY:

Come on, you can't expect that to work a second [time –]

(FX: VERY CLOSE, VERY HEAVY CANNONBALL IMPACT – BLOWING APART THE DECKING WHERE ACE AND THE TARDIS ARE STANDING)

ACE:

(FALLING, CRYING OUT)

(FX: ACE, AND THE TARDIS, AND A BIG CHUNK OF THE SHIP, SPLASH INTO THE SEA)

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

(COUGHING – SMOKE) Ace? (FX: SCRAMBLING TO FEET) Ace!!!

TOLSTOY:

(COUGHING – SMOKE) Men! Take this man into custody.

(FX: SCUFFLING)

DOCTOR:

Let go of me! My friend has gone over the side!

(FX: ONE SWORD IS SHEATHED)

TOLSTOY:

The blue box too.

DOCTOR:

Never mind the blue box!

(FX: SLAP OF WATER AGAINST SIDE OF BOAT)

TOLSTOY:

Oh, but the water is black as pitch. I see nothing.

DOCTOR:

Ensign, please-!

(BEAT)

TOLSTOY:

(FX: BUCKLE UNFASTENED) Enemy agent or not, I can't let a woman drown. (FX: CLATTER OF SCABBARDED SWORD ON DECKING) Just don't expect me to bring the blue box back as well.

DOCTOR:

Hurry!

TOLSTOY:

I wonder what the odds are of me surviving this. Odakhovsky would no doubt give it fifty to one against. God I hate that Odakovsky... (YELLS AND JUMPS)

(FX: TOLSTOY SPLASHES INTO THE WATER. FADE)

SCENE 4: INT. DUNGEONS UNDER PALACE (ST PETERSBURG) [LATE SEP]

(FX: THIS PLACE ECHOES. LOUD KNOCK FROM BEHIND THICK DOOR, OFF. GUARD CROSSES TO DOOR, STOPS)

RUSSIAN DUNGEON GUARD:

Who is there?

SEYMOUR:

(BEHIND DOOR) Sir Hamilton Seymour and Brigadier-general Kitchen, come to see the prisoner.

(FX: JANGLE OF KEYS, KEY PLACED IN A LARGE LOCK, DOOR UNLOCKED AND OPENED)

RUSSIAN DUNGEON GUARD:

You may enter.

(FX: KITCHEN AND SEYMOUR ENTER)

KITCHEN:

Of course we may enter, you puissant barbarian, he's the British Ambassador!

SEYMOUR:

Good God, steady on, Barty! Tact and all that.

KITCHEN:

Well it's beyond the pale, it really is.

(FX: HEAVY DOOR CLOSES)

RUSSIAN DUNGEON GUARD:

Follow me. (FX: WALKS)

KITCHEN:

(WALKING) What's this fellow's name, anyhow?

SEYMOUR:

(WALKING) All he's giving is 'The Doctor', apparently.

KITCHEN:

(WALKING) A medico?

SEYMOUR:

A daring one, certainly.

KITCHEN:

(WALKING) They're only daring until they're dead. Then they're just dead. Someone shall have to cure you of that romantic streak, Seymour.

SEYMOUR:

(WALKING) Ah, but this fellow's the stuff heroes are made of: makes his own way to Sebastopol, smuggles himself aboard a Russian warship, then signals the fleet's location to our boys!

KITCHEN:

(WALKING) If he were an infantryman, acting under orders, I'd pin a medal on his chest myself. But he's not, he's a civilian, and as such he's a nuisance and a damn fool!

RUSSIAN DUNGEON GUARD:

(FX: STOPS. JANGLING OF KEYS THROUGH:) Just one moment –

SEYMOUR:

Oh, come on, Barty. After all, you're a hero yourself. About a bally dozen times [over –]

KITCHEN:

(AGGRESSIVE) Don't call me that!

SEYMOUR:

Oh, come now, don't be modest –

KITCHEN:

(COVERING UP HIS OUTBURST) Soldiers don't like to be singled out so much. We're part of an army. If we win the battle then we're all perishing heroes.

(FX: HEAVY KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

KITCHEN:

(MORE TO SELF) In any case, it's for God to decide who's a hero and who not.

(FX: HEAVY OAK DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

KITCHEN:

(ALoud) He's in here, is he? This idiot?

DOCTOR:

(OFF, IN CELL) Come in! Come in!

RUSSIAN DUNGEON GUARD:

I wait outside.

SEYMOUR:

Jolly good. Yes –

(FX: KITCHEN AND SEYMOUR STEP THROUGH DOOR INTO:)

SCENE 5: INT. CELL (ST P'BURG) [LATE SEP]

(FX: DOOR CLOSSES. KITCHEN AND SEYMOUR DESCEND STEPS)

SEYMOUR:

(APPROACHING) Your name is 'the Doctor', I believe?

DOCTOR:

Usually. I don't suppose you've brought a couple of spoons with you, by any chance?

KITCHEN:

You're not planning to dig your way out-?

DOCTOR:

Failing that, at least I could entertain myself with a tune.

SEYMOUR:

I say, your clothes are covered in blood!

DOCTOR:

It's not mine. It belongs to my friend. Ace.

SEYMOUR:

Ah, yes -

KITCHEN:

His accomplice?

DOCTOR:

Something like that. Tell me she's alive and well.

SEYMOUR:

A telegram arrived from Sebastopol ahead of you. Your friend is recovering in Fort Alexander.

DOCTOR:

That's... a relief.

SEYMOUR:

Took a bit of a bump to the noggin, I'm told, but she's being well looked after.

DOCTOR:

If the conditions there are anything like those in Scutari I seriously doubt it...

SCENE 6: INT. SMALL ROOM (FORT ALEXANDER, SEB'POL) [LATE SEP]

(FX: FADE UP. INTERMITTENT CANNON FIRE IN THE FAR DISTANCE)

ACE:

(STIRRING) ... Cannon fire. (FX: SITS UP IN BED, RUSTLING SHEETS – SUDDENLY AWAKE) Cannon fire! Doctor – (COUGHING FIT – CAUSING HER TO WINCE IN PAIN: CRACKED RIBS)

TOLSTOY:

Don't worry. It is miles off.

ACE:

Is it?

TOLSTOY:

Good morning.

ACE:

I feel like a Dalek just sat on my head.

TOLSTOY:

Well, I'm not sure what a Dalek is, but if it is something large, heavy and nasty –

ACE:

That's a Dalek all right –

TOLSTOY:

... then, yes, that would be a fair expression of how you must be feeling.

ACE:

I remember you. The ensign – (WINCES AGAIN)

TOLSTOY:

Don't try and move. As well as the head wound, you've broken two ribs.

ACE:

Where's the Doctor?

TOLSTOY:

Now that's annoying.

ACE:

What's annoying?

TOLSTOY:

That you should inquire about your accomplice before asking who I am or where you are. That's another twenty-five roubles I owe Odakhovsky.

ACE:

Let's just say I like to avoid clichés. And what's with all this "accomplice" business?

TOLSTOY:

Please don't try to protest you are not a British spy. Apart from anything else, I didn't think to lay a wager on it..

ACE:

Tell you what, I'll meet you halfway. I'll guess for myself that I'm under constant guard in some kind of military hospital in Sebastopol.. and I'll let you tell me where the Doctor is.

SCENE 7: INT. CELL (ST P'BURG) [LATE SEP]**SEYMOUR:**

I'm Sir Hamilton Seymour, the Ambassador here in St Petersburg. This is Brigadier-general Bartholomew Kitchen. I have to say, Doctor, we're all terribly proud of you.

DOCTOR:

I suspect that Tsar Nicholas doesn't share your enthusiasm, having thrown me in his best dungeon on arrival.

SEYMOUR:

Fair's fair, old man. You are the enemy, after all.

KITCHEN:

So – one of these sightseers, are you?

DOCTOR:

Excuse me? Sightseers?

SEYMOUR:

That's what we call you lot. You civilian fellows that get into your little boats and tag along behind the troopships, all the way from England and up the Bosphorus. Some of you, it seems, have even made it across the Black Sea. Good show!

KITCHEN:

Damn foolish, if you ask me –

SEYMOUR:

(JOKINGLY) Barty doesn't like people stealing his thunder, Doctor. He's the biggest hero we've got around here –

KITCHEN:

(SUDDENLY, AGGRESSIVELY) I told you! No-one's a hero in this farce of a war! (BEAT, THEN CONTINUES CALMER) Oh, there's nothing to learn here. If you'll excuse me, I have my duties to attend to. Doctor.

(FX: KITCHEN MOVES OFF AND UP STEPS)

DOCTOR:

(LOW) Now there's a man with something on his mind..

SEYMOUR:

(UNCOMFORTABLY) Anyway, just thought we'd put our heads round the door, as it were.

(FX: KITCHEN STOPS, OFF. BANGING ON DUNGEON DOOR, OFF)

KITCHEN:

(OFF) Guard! Guard!!!

SEYMOUR:

You'll be presented to the Tsar in a few days' time. Not the most straightforward of chaps, but easy enough to rub along with. Once you get to know him, of course –

(FX: DOOR OPENS, OFF)

KITCHEN:

(OFF) Out of my way! (FX: STRIDES OFF)

DOCTOR:

I'm sure we'll get on heroically.

SEYMOUR:

(UNCERTAINLY) Yes, well... See you in a couple of days, then.

(FX: SEYMOUR MOVES OFF AND UP STEPS)

DOCTOR:

I'll look forward to it...

(FX: DOOR CLOSES HEAVILY)

SCENE 8: INT. SMALL ROOM (FORT ALEXANDER, SEB'POL) [LATE SEP]

ACE:

Well? Where is he?

TOLSTOY:

After your – accident – the night before last, the Doctor was taken by train to St Petersburg, to answer to Tsar Nicholas.

ACE:

Right...

TOLSTOY:

He is quite unharmed. You will remain here at Fort Alexander, since you are too weak to travel.

ACE:

(WINCES, UNCOMFORTABLE) You're not wrong there.

TOLSTOY:

My name, although you seem less than interested to know it, is Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy.

ACE:

Tolstoy? What, as in the writer?

TOLSTOY:

You've read my work?

ACE:

Umm – not recently, no.

TOLSTOY:

No. Two stories are all I've had published. In *The Contemporary*. But I'm working on a series about Sebastopol at the moment.

ACE:

Course you are. When your duties as an Ensign allow.

TOLSTOY:

... actually, I'm a Count.

ACE:

I should be impressed then, should I?

TOLSTOY:

Most women are.

ACE:

Are you trying to chat me up, Lev? Cos if you are, I'd like to point out I'm a suspected enemy agent and apparently pretty much on my deathbed. The word "inappropriate" leaps to mind.

TOLSTOY:

It's true that I've never before had anyone quite so beguiling placed in my charge. And it's not often I get to speak with an English person.

ACE:

Right. What odds did this Odakhovsky give you that you couldn't pull me?

TOLSTOY:

'Pull'?

ACE:

Come on.

TOLSTOY:

... Evens. He was being generous – it wasn't certain you'd survive the night.

ACE:

Charming. Lev, me old mate –

TOLSTOY:

... yes?

ACE:

... devilishly handsome as you are...

TOLSTOY:

... yes...

ACE:

... you've just lost your stake.

TOLSTOY:

"Charming". Would it make any difference if I told you it was I who jumped into the water to save you last night, after your brains had been all but dashed across the deck?

ACE:

You saved my life?

TOLSTOY:

If it wasn't for me you may have been washed away from the moorings and into one of the harbour mines. Then you'd have had a headache...

ACE:

(AWKWARDLY) Thanks.

TOLSTOY:

... The fact is, you weren't in any immediate danger. You'd grabbed hold of the blue box that went over with you.

ACE:

The TARDIS! Where is it?

TOLSTOY:

Probably halfway across the Black Sea by now. Was it part of your spying equipment?

ACE:

We're not spies, OK?! (WINCES AGAIN)

TOLSTOY:

(STANDING) I think I should leave you now to recover, but I very much hope we will speak again. (MOVES OFF)

ACE:

Ace.

TOLSTOY:

(STOPS) Excuse me?

ACE:

My name. It's Ace.

TOLSTOY:

So that's why your Doctor kept on saying it!

ACE:

Well, duh.

TOLSTOY:

I took it for some sort of exclamation. Well... Ace. It's a pleasure to meet you. (FX: OPENS DOOR) Now try to rest. You'll most likely be moved to a local prison before the end of the week. (FX: EXITS, CLOSING DOOR BEHIND)

ACE:

(LOW, TO HERSELF) Without the TARDIS I won't be going anywhere. Oh, how did we get in this mess...?

(FX: ECHOES OFF AS WE MOVE BACK IN TIME...)

SCENE 9: INT. SMALL ROOM (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-OCT]

(FX: FADE UP. TARDIS MATERIALISES. BEAT. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(FX: STEPPING OUT ONTO WOODEN FLOORBOARDS) Well. I wonder where we are... (HE KNOWS FULL WELL)

ACE:

(FX: FOLLOWING) (WRINKLING NOSE) Wherever we are, Doctor – phwoarr, it reeks!

HEX:

Like an open sewer, yeah.

ACE:

(REPROACHFULLY, HE'S LOWERING THE TONE) He-ex-!

DOCTOR:

(FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR) Or a mortuary.

ACE:

Don't you start –

DOCTOR:

Mind your feet, both of you.

HEX:

Er, why-?

(FX: RATTLE OF MATCHBOX, MATCH FLARES)

DOCTOR:

That's why.

ACE:

Oh my God –

HEX:

You were right, Doctor. Bodybags.

DOCTOR:

Shrouds.

ACE:

Whatever, we all know what's inside!

DOCTOR:

(GASPS, FINGERS BURNING) Ah! (BLOWS OUT MATCH)

ACE:

Oi! Light!

DOCTOR:

(FX: FUMBLING WITH MATCHBOX) Yes, yes – (FX: DROPS BOX) ... Oh.

ACE:

... That's it. We're getting out of here.

HEX:

Hang on, Ace. There's a door –

(FX: HEX OPENS AN INTERIOR DOOR A FRACTION – CREAK. OFF, SOFT, INCOHERENT MOANING OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS)

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Well? What can you see?

HEX:

(SOTTO) Men in uniform.

ACE:

(SOTTO) It's not all bad, then –

HEX:

(SOTTO) Like something out of *Zulu* –

ACE:

(SOTTO) Yeah, but can you see the whites of their eyes?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) A little earlier than Roarke's Drift, I think. Any idea, Mr Hex?

HEX:

(SOTTO) Yeah. I've got an idea. (SARCASTIC) Cheers, Doctor.

(FX: OPENING DOOR)

ACE:

(HISSED) Hey! Where're you off to?

HEX:

(SOTTO) (FX: STEPPING THROUGH INTO CORRIDOR BEYOND) Catch the both of youse later. (FX: HURRIES OFF)

ACE:

(HISSING AFTER HIM) Yeah, but – we don't even know where we are yet!

DOCTOR:

(LOW) Let him go. Hex knows exactly where he is. And when.

ACE:

You gonna let me in on the big secret, then?

SCENE 10: INT. LARGE HALL (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-OCT]

(FX: MEN IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE AS WELL AS FAR AND CLOSE IN PAIN, COUGHING, MOANING. SPORADIC IMPACTS OF METAL AND CERAMIC ITEMS ON FLOOR. ALL FOOTSTEPS IN BARRACKS SCENES ARE ON WOOD)

(FX: CLATTER OF METAL BUCKET)

RUSSELL:

That's it, son, bring it all up so. The bucket's here if ya need it.

LIEUTENANT:

(MOANING IN PAIN)

RUSSELL:

(OFF) Make your old mam proud, now –

HEX:

(RUSHING UP) You! Get that bucket away from him!

RUSSELL:

I'd say that'd be a bit of a stupid thing to do, now, seeing as the Lieutenant may well need to make some use of it.

HEX:

He's practically got his hands in it! And it's filthy!

RUSSELL:

Sure it's only a bit of muck, lad.

HEX:

Please tell me you're not a doctor.

RUSSELL:

I'm not a doctor. William Russell, Special Correspondent for the London *Times*. And who might you be?

HEX:

I'm... Thomas Schofield.

RUSSELL:

And what is it that you are, Thomas Schofield? Cos for sure you're not a soldier.

HEX:

I'm a... doctor. (SUDDENLY) Sir Hamilton Seymour! I'm attached to the office of Sir Hamilton Seymour.

RUSSELL:

Sir Hamilton Seymour, you say?

HEX:

Yes. I'm on his personal medical staff.

RUSSELL:

Is that so? Then tell me, Thomas, what is it you're doing not in St Petersburg with Sir Hamilton Seymour, the British Ambassador in St Petersburg? You're a long way off if he wants a pill or two.

HEX:

I - er...

RUSSELL:

Lieutenant, you keep working away with that bucket you have there and I'll come back to hear your story a little later, alright so?

LIEUTENANT:

(MOANING)

RUSSELL:

You, lad - you'll come with me.

HEX:

But - his bandages need changing-!

RUSSELL:

(WALKING) If they needed changing a nurse would change them. They know what they're doing.

HEX:

(FOLLOWING) This lot? Aw, come on - no-one here's got a clue!

RUSSELL:

My mother raised no fool, you understand, but you tell me: which do you think that poor wretch is going to die from first, the bit of half-eaten dinner on his hands, or the Russian musket ball in his stomach?

HEX:

I don't know. Perhaps it'll be the inch of mud on his bedsheets. Or maybe the stench from the drains. I have to change his bandages.

(FX: HEX MOVES OFF)

RUSSELL:

(GRABBING HEX) Hold your horses, lad.

HEX:

(SHAKING RUSSELL OFF) Get off me!

RUSSELL:

You listen to me. I'm doing my damnedest to keep talk like that out of the papers, and the boys in these beds don't want to hear it either. Now I know you're nothing to do with Sir Hamilton and the Embassy in St Petersburg. So who exactly are you, Thomas Schofield?

HEX:

At the moment I'm the only person here that can stop these men dying like animals in their own filth.

(FX: HEX MOVES OFF)

SCENE 11: INT. CORRIDOR (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

(FX: AS SCENE 9 BUT OFF, MUTED. DOCTOR AND ACE WALKING IN UNISON. TWO PEOPLE SHUFFLE PAST — AN ORDERLY ESCORTING A PATIENT, MOANING, CLUMPING ON A WOODEN STICK)

ACE:

(WALKING, LOW) Doctor, this place doesn't know whether it's a military hospital or a sewer.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, LOW) Neither. It's a barracks.

ACE:

(WALKING, LOW) Yeah, but where-?

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, LOW) The Crimea.

ACE:

(WALKING, LOW) Florence Nightingale! So we're in... Russia, right?

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, LOW) The Crimean War was fought principally between Britain and Russia, yes. But this is part of the Ottoman Empire.

ACE:

(WALKING, LOW) What, Turkey?

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, LOW) This is the Selimiye barracks at Scutari. The seventeenth of October, 1854.

ACE:

(WALKING, ALOUD) The [seventeenth-?]

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, LOW) Approximately.

ACE:

(WALKING, LOW) And Hex knows this-?

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, LOW) If any period of Earth history needed a nurse from the future, this is it.

ACE:

(WALKING, LOW) We'd better find him. He's going to want to get involved.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, LOW) So long as he doesn't make too much of an impression...

ACE:

(WALKING, LOW) You're the expert. Suppose it might even do him some good. You know, after what happened with the Daleks on Bliss. Bit of luck the TARDIS plonking us down here.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, LOW) Yes. It was... (IT WASN'T)

ACE:

(WALKING, LOW) Still, best if we give him a heads-up, yeah?

(FX: DOCTOR AND ACE STOP)

DOCTOR:

(LOW) Ace -

ACE:

(EXITING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION) Low profile, I know. I'm not a beginner at this.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER HER) Ace. I think he knows. *Ace-!!!*

(FX: HER FOOTSTEPS RECEDING)

(BEAT)

(FX: A SUDDEN, MORE DISTINCT CRY OF PAIN, MUTED, OFF)

DOCTOR:

(LOW) So much suffering. So much death...

(FX: DOUBLE INTERIOR DOORS OPEN, RUSSELL ENTERS CORRIDOR, STOPS)

DOCTOR:

Ah, hello!

RUSSELL:

(ASTONISHMENT) Good God almighty! *You!!!*

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor and I'm looking for my friend, Hex. I wonder if you've seen - (DOUBLE-TAKE) What do you mean, 'me'?

RUSSELL:

(MARCHING OVER) I knows who you are, sir! Right down to your jersey! (GRABBING DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

(GRABBED) Let go of [me-]

(FX: PRESTON'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING DOWN CORRIDOR)

RUSSELL:

Stop your squirming! (ALoud) You! Private Preston!

PRESTON:

(ARRIVING) Yes, Mr Russell?

RUSSELL:

Take up your musket and train it on this man!

PRESTON:

What, sir?

RUSSELL:

He is wanted on suspicion of treason against the Crown!

DOCTOR:

Treason?!? Rubbish! (BREAKING FREE) I don't know who you think I am, sir, but I shall not be detained a moment longer -

RUSSELL:

Don't move, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(TURNING, WALKING AWAY) Good day to you -

RUSSELL:

Oh, for the love of God, Preston -

PRESTON:

Mr Russell-?

RUSSELL:

Shoot him, man! Shoot him afore he runs!

SCENE 12: INT. OFFICE (WHITEHALL) [LATE OCT]

(FX: LONG REVERSE ECHO INTO REPRISE FROM SCENE 1, TO SIGNIFY
TIMESHIFT:)

SIDNEY:

... (READING) Schofield. 'Thomas Hector Schofield.' Regular
angel of mercy, by all accounts.

FLORENCE:

Well, I look forward to making his acquaintance.

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SIDNEY:

Good, good. (FX: STANDING, PUSHING BACK CHAIR) Well then. God
speed, Miss Nightingale –

FLORENCE:

Of course, Sir Sidney. (FX: RISING) There's just one thing –

SIDNEY:

Is there now?

FLORENCE:

Brigadier-general Kitchen. What's to become of him-?

SIDNEY:

I'm to take him off active service for a time, perhaps for
good. PM's orders. A shame. He was a good soldier, despite
everything –

FLORENCE:

Let him come with me to Scutari.

SIDNEY:

Oh, now, Florence –

FLORENCE:

I can help him understand that God has forgiven him.

SIDNEY:

Dear lady, you'll have enough to contend with as it is. It's a
hell of a mess out there, by all accounts. Terrible
misjudgement at Balaclava three days ago. No-one knows what
Cardigan was thinking. Doubt the fellow knows himself.

FLORENCE:

I shall talk to the Prime Minister myself if I have to.

SIDNEY:

(SIGHS) You are...

FLORENCE:

Insufferable?

SIDNEY:

(WALKING) Very well, then, Miss Nightingale, I shall square things with the Prime Minister.

FLORENCE:

(WALKING) Thank you, Sir Sidney.

(FX: SIDNEY OPENS OFFICE DOOR)

FLORENCE:

This collaborator. The man Bartholomew Kitchen killed. Was it a friend of his?

SIDNEY:

No, not at all. Another mystery medico, in fact. Some strange fellow known only as... 'the Doctor'.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(REPRISE FROM SCENE 11:)

DOCTOR:

Treason?!? Rubbish! (BREAKING FREE) I don't know who you think I am, sir, but I shall not be detained a moment longer –

RUSSELL:

Don't move, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(TURNING, WALKING AWAY) Good day to you –

RUSSELL:

Oh, for the love of God, Preston –

PRESTON:

Mr Russell-?

RUSSELL:

Shoot him, man! Shoot him afore he runs!

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SCENE 13: INT. CORRIDOR (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

PRESTON:

Halt! (FX: MUSKET CATCH) I said – halt there!!! (BEAT) Halt or I'll [fire–]

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) ... Fire? Now why would you want to do that, Private Preston?

PRESTON:

I –

DOCTOR:

In my experience, Private Preston, soldiers don't take their orders from men without uniform. Men like – Mr Russell, was it? (BEAT, TURNING) I say again – good day to you.

RUSSELL:

Just do it, Preston! I'm telling you –

DOCTOR:

(BARKED) Private Preston! In the name of the Crown I order you to restrain this Irishman!

PRESTON:

Yes, sir!

RUSSELL:

What-?!? That man's not in uniform either!

PRESTON:

(WAVERING) I — I don't —

RUSSELL:

Oh for the love of Pete...

(FX: GOOD SOLID PUNCH TO THE JAW)

PRESTON:

(HIT, KNOCKED OUT)

(FX: PRESTON HITS THE FLOOR; MUSKET CLATTERS)

DOCTOR:

(SNEAKING OFF) Ah. Excuse me...

(FX: CLATTER AS THE MUSKET IS PICKED UP)

RUSSELL:

Stay where you are, Doctor, or I fire!

DOCTOR:

(STOPPED, SLIGHTLY OFF) You don't seem the sort of man accustomed to handling firearms, Mr Russell.

RUSSELL:

Not even I can miss at this range. Now... Back to me, Doctor. Nice and slow, like.

(FX: DOCTOR APPROACHES SLOWLY)

DOCTOR:

You seem very sure of yourself.

RUSSELL:

To my mind, making a run for it makes you the traitor the Colonel is looking for.

DOCTOR:

The Colonel-?

RUSSELL:

The fellow you and I is going to see. (FX: RIFLE CATCH) Quick march!

SCENE 14: INT. CORRIDOR/SMALL ROOM (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

(FX: HEX IS CARRYING BUCKETS OF WATER – SLOSH AS HE WALKS. FOOTSTEPS AS ACE APPROACHES)

ACE:

(OFF, SOTTO) Oi! Oi!

HEX:

(STOPPING – SLOSH) Ace. I'm busy.

ACE:

(CATCHING UP, A BIT DISGUSTED) What, slopping out?

HEX:

Cleaning. God knows this place could do with it.

ACE:

Right. Thought you'd be doing your Florence Nightingale bit.

HEX:

It's October. She won't be here for a month or so yet.

ACE:

How come you know [that] –

HEX:

But seeing as you're an extra pair of hands –

ACE:

This sounds ominous.

HEX:

... I'm gonna need some supplies.

ACE:

Supplies?

HEX:

From the TARDIS sickbay.

ACE:

(WARNING) Hex...

(FX: HEX IS WALKING TO A DOOR)

HEX:

Nothing heavy, like. Sterile dressings. Antiseptic. That sort of thing. TARDIS is in here, right?

ACE:

Just – don't get too involved.

HEX:

(FX: OPENING DOOR TO MORTUARY) Look. I can't just stand by and watch all this sufferin'. If that's too involved – sue me.
(ENTERS MORTUARY)

ACE:

(FOLLOWING) You're not her, though. The Lady with the Lamp.

HEX:

You know what else? These are the lucky ones. The ones who didn't get typhoid on the boat out here, or cholera –

ACE:

Yeah, but you can't go giving them antibiotics, mate. The Doctor won't let you.

HEX:

I'm not gonna go mad, alright? Just making sure things are clean and tidy. Boiling up dirty instruments, you know?

ACE:

Hex, you've got to be careful. You don't know how much you might change history.

HEX:

Yeah, it's not like teaching cavemen the secret of fire. (FX: RATTLES HANDLES OF TARDIS DOOR) Aah, he's locked the TARDIS! Ace, you got a spare-?

ACE:

No. Sorry.

HEX:

It's just – someone's got to do something, you know?

ACE:

Someone will. In a month or so.

HEX:

Yeah, but till then-?

(BEAT)

ACE:

(SIGHS, GIVING IN) There's a slot above the 'P' of 'Police Box'. That's where he keeps a key.

HEX:

Seriously?

ACE:

He thinks I don't know. At least, I think he thinks I don't.

HEX:

Magic. Come here, you –

ACE:

None of that. You're on duty, remember?

HEX:

I meant – gis a leg up?

ACE:

Alright – (TAKING STRAIN – SHE'S HOLDING HIS FOOT AS HE REACHES FOR KEY) Just the basics, mind. No wonder drugs. No laser scalpels. No portable nuclear generators –

HEX:

Yeah, yeah – (REACHING KEY) Gottit! (FX: SCRAMBLES DOWN)

ACE:

Alright. I'll try to square it with the Doctor.

HEX:

Thanks. (FX: KEY IN LOCK, OPENING DOOR – HINT OF CONTROL ROOM B/G BEYOND) I owe you one, yeah?

ACE:

You do. (BEAT) Oi. Key!

HEX:

(GIVING HER KEY) Oh yeah. Sorry.

ACE:

Thanks. (BEAT) Get on with it, then –

HEX:

(ENTERING TARDIS) See you. (FX: CLOSES DOOR BEHIND)

ACE:

(TO HERSELF) I only hope Florence Nightingale can meet your high standards, Hex...

SCENE 15: INT. OFFICE (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

(FX: RUSSELL OPENS DOOR INTO OFFICE)

RUSSELL:
Colonel?

DOCTOR:
It would appear that nobody's home.

RUSSELL:
Then we'll wait. (SHOVING DOCTOR) In, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
There's no need to shove, Mr Russell –

(FX: DOOR CLOSES)

RUSSELL:
Sit there and stay there, you.

(FX: DOCTOR TAKES A FEW STEPS. CHAIR SCRAPES BACK, DOCTOR SITS)

RUSSELL:
Now. Where were we?

(FX: SECOND CHAIR IS SCRAPED BACK, WILLIAM SITS. AS THE SCENE PROGRESSES, SOUNDS OF RUSSELL SETTING ABOUT SMOKING)

DOCTOR:
As I remember it, I'd no sooner introduced myself when you wanted to shoot me. (LOW) There's never an Ace around when you need one –

RUSSELL:
(FX: ROLLING CIGARETTE – PAPER RUSTLES) Pardon-?

DOCTOR:
Call me old-fashioned, Mr Russell, but I like to know exactly who wants to shoot me? And why?

RUSSELL:
William Russell, London *Times*, at your service.

DOCTOR:
(DISDAINFUL, TO HIMSELF) A journalist. An essential part of the modern war...

RUSSELL:
Evidently, you 'escaped' from the palace in St Petersburg...

DOCTOR:

And why was I locked up there in the first place, if I'm supposed to be a Russian collaborator?

(FX: RATTLE OF A BOX OF MATCHES, THEN IT'S OPENED, SHUFFLED, CLOSED)

RUSSELL:

The perfect bluff –

(FX: MATCH IS LIT. MATCHBOX THROWN ONTO TABLE)

DOCTOR:

Must you do that in here? (COUGHS)

RUSSELL:

(SMOKING) You gather information, the Russians make a fake show of arresting you, take you to Nicholas, he locks you up for the look of things, you 'escape', so to speak, and return the hero.

DOCTOR:

War: the great facilitator of the conspiracy theory...

RUSSELL:

Read it all in Sir Hamilton Seymour's report to the Minister For War. Right down to the jersey with the question marks on. Blood's hell to shift, mind. How'd you get all the stains out?

DOCTOR:

Blood stains-?

RUSSELL:

... oh, but I'm not here to swap laundry secrets. Why don't you tell me your side o' the story first? 'Doctor'?

DOCTOR:

My side-? (BEAT) Ah. Tell me, Mr Russell – is this an interrogation? Or is it an interview?

RUSSELL:

(LAUGHS) Ha!

SCENE 16: INT. CORRIDOR (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

PRESTON:

(MUTTERING, HOLDING BLOODY NOSE) ... I'll swing for that Russell, you see that I don't...

ACE:

(WALKING BRISKLY UP) 'Scuse me? Private-? (SEEING BLOOD) Blimey, you've been in the wars -

PRESTON:

(SARCASTIC) Yes, miss. So have we all -

ACE:

Oh, yeah. Sorry. You need to tip your head back, mate, if you want to stop a nosebleed.

PRESTON:

(TIPPING HEAD BACK) What, like this-?

ACE:

That's it. Look, have you seen a civilian come this way? About so high, dark jacket, question marks on his jersey?

PRESTON:

(SPLUTTERING) Have I ever seen him! 'The Doctor', is it?

ACE:

Head back. The Doctor did this to you?

PRESTON:

No, but it was him as earned me this. It was that Irish newsman walloped me in the kisser.

ACE:

Newsman?

PRESTON:

Mr Russell, of the London *Times*. Blindsided us good and proper. All 'cos he wanted me to shoot your [Doctor -] (BREAKS OFF, REALISATION) He's taken me musket. The thieving beggar-!

ACE:

Yeah, don't worry about that. What's he done with the Doctor-?

PRESTON:

Dunno, Miss. But I'll tell you this - soon as this nose stops bleeding, I'm going straight to the Colonel.

ACE:

The Colonel? He's in charge here?

PRESTON:

Sure he is. (CALLING AFTER ACE – SHE'S LEAVING) His office is in the next block. Anyone'll direct you once you get there.

ACE:

(FX: EXITING, CALLING BACK) Thanks –

SCENE 17: INT. OFFICE (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

RUSSELL:

Men like yourself, Doctor, always turn bad, I'd say. You've a propensity for it. The way you manipulated Private Preston back there, for example. Maybe you can't help it.

DOCTOR:

I find it's better than carrying arms.

RUSSELL:

Make your enemies destroy each other, you mean. Interesting. Maybe you hate the Russian Empire as much as the British. Maybe you see yourself as better than all of us.

DOCTOR:

I can see that nothing I say is going to dissuade you of my guilt. And I have to say, Mr Russell, that doesn't bode well for the quality of your journalism.

RUSSELL:

What were you doing in Sebastopol on the night of the twenty-fifth of September? The night you were 'captured' by the Russians?

DOCTOR:

Sebastopol? Oh yes. The siege must be, what, a month old by now? All that cannonfire. All that wanton destruction -

RUSSELL:

All of which was caused by you!

DOCTOR:

It was-?

RUSSELL:

You knew that the city was to be taken on the twentieth with naval support, so you passed information through your man in Constantinople to the effect that the Tsar was considering surrender.

DOCTOR:

I seem to be terribly well connected.

RUSSELL:

So the fleet was held back, the British stayed outside Sebastopol, and the Russians were able to dig trenches and shore up the city tighter than an Irishman on St Patrick's Day.

DOCTOR:

Did I really do all that?

RUSSELL:

Oh you're a proud one, alright. You think you know something I don't, don't you? I can see it in your eyes.

DOCTOR:

(RISING TO THE BAIT) And are you proud, Mr Russell? Proud of the way the British Empire has conducted itself? How it has perpetuated this needless war?

RUSSELL:

The War Office decided –

DOCTOR:

The War Office! This should have ended months ago! The Russians had withdrawn from the Balkan territories before the British Army had even arrived!

RUSSELL:

There is still a Russian military threat –

DOCTOR:

A threat that has been created! A bear that has been goaded!

RUSSELL:

Our boys weren't sent here for no reason!

DOCTOR:

No. So with no enemy in sight, they were ordered to press on into the Black Sea and destroy the Russian navy once and for all! Is opportunism something to be proud of, Mr Russell?

RUSSELL:

You want to know what I'm proud of? I'm proud of the way our boys have come to the other side of the world to fight for the stability of the world their children shall inherit –

DOCTOR:

A stability built on war-mongering!

RUSSELL:

If the Russians control this part of the Ottoman Empire they'll move their Black Sea ports south. Maybe as far round as the eastern Mediterranean. From there, they could control the world.

DOCTOR:

Control the world, dominate the universe. It's always the same old justification.

(FX: CHAIR SCRAPES BACK AND CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR. HEAVY IMPACT OF FIST ON TABLE. TIN BOX HITS THE FLOOR)

RUSSELL:

Are you trying to provoke me, Doctor-?

DOCTOR:

So much for the independence of the Press –

(FX: KNOCK ON DOOR)

(BEAT)

RUSSELL:

(RAISED) Yes?

(FX: DOOR OPENS, ACE ENTERS)

ACE:

Telegram for a Mr Russell.

DOCTOR:

(LOW) Ace! I take it all back!

RUSSELL:

I'm Russell. (APPROACHING) A message? Where is it?

(FX: DOOR CLOSES)

ACE:

It's, um – (FX: PATTING POCKETS) ... in here somewhere ...

RUSSELL:

Come on, come on. Show me –

ACE:

Oh yeah. (HEAVES) Here-!

(FX: PUNCHES RUSSELL ON THE NOSE)

RUSSELL:

Argh! (REELING) What the [devil-?]

(FX: FLOPS TO THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS)

ACE:

There! Blindsided him good and proper! (BEAT, PAIN) Ow, my hand-!

DOCTOR:

Yes. Violence always comes at a cost.

ACE:

Yeah, you've just been rescued? From a man who wanted you shot? (SUCKING FINGERS) Ow!!!

DOCTOR:

(FX: CHAIR SCRAPES BACK) We should find Hex. He can take a look at your hand, too.

ACE:

He's gone back to the TARDIS. Don't expect he'll want to spare us his attention, though. In the absence of Florence Nightingale, he's turned into St Francis of Assisi –

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry-?

ACE:

Oh no – he was the one with the animals, right?

DOCTOR:

(GRIMLY) Yes. Come on.

(FX: THEY HURRY OFF, DOOR OPENS, THEY EXIT, DOOR CLOSES. FADE)

SCENE 18: INT. SMALL ROOM (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

(FX: FADE UP. TARDIS DOOR OPENS. HEX EXITS)

HEX:

Right then. (HEAVING; EFFORT) (FX: HEAVY METAL OBJECT DRAGGED AN INCH OVER TARDIS THRESHOLD) "Portable" nuclear generator. (STOPS, CATCHES BREATH) Yeah, right. Portable, my –

(FX: INTERIOR ROOM DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING IN) And just where do you think you're going with that, Mister Hex?

HEX:

Aw, hell. Doctor. Ace.

ACE:

(FOLLOWING DOCTOR) What did I tell you? (ADMONISHING) He-e-ex!

HEX:

Look, I know what you're going to say –

DOCTOR:

Good, then I don't need to say it.

HEX:

Come on. I just want to give these guys a chance –

DOCTOR:

Future technology won't help the wounded here, any more than washing the floors twice daily with a bucket and mop.

HEX:

I know that –

DOCTOR:

Besides: any passing time ship might detect the use of an anachronistic power source – be it electrical, nuclear, hypersonic...

ACE:

Yeah, and before you know it, the Time Lords'll have all three of us up for messing with history.

DOCTOR:

Quite. (BEAT) You know, I'm sure I locked the TARDIS [door –]

HEX:

Oh, but [Ace showed me –]

ACE:

(CUTTING IN, QUICKLY) C'mon, Hex. Let's get this generator back inside. (EFFORT) Heave –

HEX:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) (EFFORT)

(FX: HEAVY OBJECT MOVES AND CLUNKS BACK OVER TARDIS THRESHOLD)

(FX: FOLLOW INTO:)

SCENE 19: INT. TARDIS (CONTROL ROOM) [MID-OCT]

(FX: TV MOVIE INTERIOR)

ACE:

(HEAVING GENERATOR INSIDE) Just here'll do.

(FX: GENERATOR PLONKED DOWN)

ACE:

(WINCES)

HEX:

You hurt your hand?

ACE:

It's nothing. Don't worry about it -

DOCTOR:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) All done? Good. (FX: CONSOLE BUTTONS, LEVERS, ETC) We're going back in time a month or so...

HEX:

What?

ACE:

The Doctor's a bit notorious here. He wants to go to Sebastopol to find out why.

HEX:

No, Doctor. I'm stopping.

ACE:

He means it, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

We haven't got time to argue. Ace may have just upset a rather large Irishman.

HEX:

William Russell? He hasn't seen me with you. No-one has, I'll be alright. Just go.

DOCTOR:

Hex...?

HEX:

I don't mean forever. I just want to help out, for a bit. Six weeks or so.

ACE:

Oh, I get it. You want to meet Florence Nightingale!

HEX:

Well, it'd be nice –

ACE:

(SINGING) 'Hex and Florence, sitting in a tree, K.I.S.S.I.N.G. ...'

HEX:

It's not like that. It's just – she was kind of the reason I started all this. Nursing. I did this school project, see. About the Crimea, and the Lady with the Lamp. But the careers officer happened to come round that week – and, well, she was the first thing that came to mind when they asked me, what did I want to be?

ACE:

What, that's why – ?

HEX:

Could've been worse. Billy Thomson, his history project was Sir Robert Peel.

DOCTOR:

Ah yes. And he ended up a policeman?

HEX:

Well, no, he ended up in borstal for robbing an offy.

ACE:

Riiight –

HEX:

The point is, this is who I am. This is what I've got. And if what I've got can help out any –

DOCTOR:

... you want to use it. Yes. Yes, of course.

HEX:

So – that's alright, then? I can go?

DOCTOR:

With my blessing.

ACE:

You're sure about this? Hex?

HEX:

I'm sure. (AT TARDIS THRESHOLD) Right. Well. I'll see the both of youse in a bit, then.

DOCTOR:

Six weeks. Do good work, Nurse Schofield.

HEX:

(EXITING) Yeah —

ACE:

(CALLING AFTER) Good luck —

(FX: DOORS CLOSING)

(FX: CONTINUE INTO:)

SCENE 20: INT. SMALL ROOM (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

(FX: DOOR CLICKS SHUT. TARDIS BEGINS TO DEMATERIALISE)

HEX:

(TO SELF) 'Good luck'. Yeah. I'll need it. (SUDDEN REALISATION) No, I forgot-! (ALOUD) Doctor! Doctor, hold on-!

(FX: BUT THE TARDIS IS GONE)

HEX:

(TO SELF) Gone. Oh, man -

PRESTON:

(ENTERING) Hey, what's with the racket-?

HEX:

N-nothing. What racket - Private, right?

PRESTON:

Preston. Hey, what's that you're hiding? Show us.

HEX:

J-just some pills. A couple of dozen pentobarbital -

PRESTON:

Pento-what?

HEX:

It's a sedative. Oh, yeah - and a sonic scalpel.

PRESTON:

Doctor's stuff.

HEX:

Yeah. Some doctor must have left them here.

PRESTON:

You're Schofield, aren't you? Thomas Schofield?

HEX:

Eh? How'd you -

PRESTON:

Orderly sent us to find you. Said you were here to help out-?

HEX:

Yeah, that's right.

PRESTON:

So you can help us chop up some firewood.

HEX:

Um, well, I kind of thought –

PRESTON:

(EXITING) Good man. This way –

(FX: FOLLOW INTO:)

SCENE 21: INT. CORRIDOR (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

(FX: HEX FOLLOWING PRESTON)

HEX:

(WALKING) Hold up. Private. The fact is, I'm a medico –

PRESTON:

(WALKING) Yeah, well, someone's got to do it. We all have to
[muck in –]

HEX:

(STOPS) Muck in. Yeah, of course.

PRESTON:

In here. Storeroom –

(FX: OPENS DOOR INTO:)

SCENE 22: INT. STOREROOM (BARRACKS) [MID-OCT]

(FX: PRESTON WALKS THROUGH)

PRESTON:

Grab yourself an axe.

HEX:

(SEES TARDIS. STOPS) Oh my God –

PRESTON:

Yeah, that's it. Great big blue thing. Got washed up on the shore a couple of weeks back.

HEX:

The TARDIS! But –

PRESTON:

(PICKING UP AXE) She'll burn up a treat, I reckon –

HEX:

Mate, you're gonna do yourself a damage. An axe isn't even gonna scratch the paint –

PRESTON:

(HEFTING AXE) What're you talking about-? (SWINGS AXE...)

(FX: IMPACT OF AXE ON WOOD. WOOD SPLINTERS)

PRESTON:

All dried out now. Chopping up nicely. C'mon, Schofield!

HEX:

But – it's just a shell!

PRESTON:

Yeah. Empty old Police Box. Whatever that is. (ANNOYED NOW)
Are you gonna do your bit, or what-?

HEX:

You don't understand –

PRESTON:

Yeah, right. (HEFTING AXE) Too dainty for heavy work, are you?
(SWINGS AXE)

(FX: SPLINTERS)

HEX:

You don't understand..

(FX: SPLINTERS AGAIN. FADE OUT)

SCENE 23: NARRATION MONTAGE [OCT-NOV]

(FX: FADE UP: DISTANT CANNON FIRE)

RUSSELL:

Sebastopol, the twentieth October. Day and night, the pounding of the port continues. Amid the thunder of artillery I snatch a few moments to write to you.

Here, the harbour is full of drift timber, broken into the smallest fragments, and, horrible to relate, trunks of human bodies, all mutilated and torn...

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

... Balaklava, the twenty-fifth October. And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. Lord Lucan gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance his Light Cavalry brigade upon the Russian guns. The noble Earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against him. Don Quixote in his tilt against the windmill was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death. There was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length.

At ten minutes past eleven, the Light Brigade advanced...

(FX: FADE UP. ANOTHER BATTLE. CLOSE QUARTERS, BAYONET AGAINST BAYONET)

... Inkermann, the fifth November. We have been prone to believe that no foe could ever withstand the British soldier wielding his favourite bayonet, but at the battle of Inkermann not only did we charge in vain, but we were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet the Russian infantry again and again. The bloody massacre resulting admits of no description...

(FX: FADE OUT)

... Scutari, the eighteenth November. I return to the hospital to find that the diminution of our numbers every day is a cause of serious anxiety. Out of thirty-five thousand, six hundred men borne on the strength of the army there are not more now than sixteen thousand, five hundred rank and file fit for service...

(FX: CUT TO:)

SCENE 24: INT. LARGE HALL (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

(FX: MEN IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE AS WELL AS FAR AND CLOSE YELLING IN PAIN, COUGHING, MOANING. SPORADIC IMPACTS OF METAL AND CERAMIC ITEMS ON FLOOR)

HEX:

Lift his arm would you, Bill, I need to tighten the tourniquet.

RUSSELL:

Right you are so, Thomas. (MAKES AN EFFORT)

(FX: RUSTLE OF MATERIAL AS BODY MOVED SLIGHTLY)

SOLDIER:

(GROANS)

HEX:

Oh, just look at it-!

RUSSELL:

I'm no expert, sure, but shouldn't these wounds be on their way to healing by now?

HEX:

(TIGHTENING TOURNIQUET) Yeah, they should. He came in a fortnight ago, after Inkermann. (ALOUD) But how can I prevent infection when still – still! – no-one ever cleans the floor?!?

RUSSELL:

Steady –

HEX:

You can lower his arm now, thanks. (BEAT) What gets me, Bill is – how long are they gonna keep this up-? The military? First that criminally insane charge at Balaklava, then Inkermann –

RUSSELL:

Let it go, lad. You're in for the long haul now.

HEX:

(SOTTO) Guess there's nowhere else for me to go, what with the [TARDIS destroyed –]

RUSSELL:

Say what-?

HEX:

Nothing, Bill –

(FX: DOUBLE DOORS CRASH OPEN, OFF. FLORENCE AND KITCHEN ENTER, STAGGERING)

KITCHEN:

(OFF, WALKING, STRAINING, CALLING) Doctor Schofield! Is there a Doctor Schofield here?

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

(OFF, GROANS)

FLORENCE:

(OFF, WALKING, STRAINING, CALLING) This man's lost a lot of blood, but he's still conscious.

HEX:

(CALLING) I'm Schofield. Bring him over here.

KITCHEN:

(OFF, WALKING, STRAINING) Come on, lad, we're nearly there.

RUSSELL:

You lot get off that table, we need some more space! And move those muskets an' all!

(FX: A DOZEN SOLDIERS HALF-JUMP FROM A TABLE. ALSO RATTLE OF METAL ON WOOD FROM THE BREECHES OF THEIR RIFLES. THEY MOVE OFF, MUTTERING. FLORENCE AND KITCHEN ARRIVE AND STOP)

FLORENCE:

We've brought him in from the corridor. There are many more out there but this poor soul is the worst of them.

HEX:

Set him down.

(FX: BODY OF WOUNDED SOLDIER LAIN ON TABLE)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

(MOANS)

HEX:

Don't worry, mate. I've got you.

KITCHEN:

The men are saying it was the new Russian mines. In the water in Sebastopol port. Dozens of our boys were thrown overboard. This lad damn near lost his leg.

HEX:

I can see that. Just. We need more light. Are you the nurse I sent to get more lamp oil?

FLORENCE:

No. My name is Florence Nightingale. I'm here to help.
Bartholomew: find more lamp oil, please.

KITCHEN:

Yes, Miss Nightingale.

(FX: KITCHEN EXITS)

HEX:

(FLUSTERED) W-welcome to Scutari, Miss Nightingale.

FLORENCE:

Doctor Schofield. Repositioning this man's ligature and burning the wound may save his life and what's left of his leg. Gawping at me surely won't. (BEAT) Doctor Schofield!

HEX:

I-I'm not a doctor, yeah? It's the men that call me that. I'm a nurse. Thomas Schofield. Pleased to [meet you-]

FLORENCE:

I trust you're not offering that bloodied paw to me.

HEX:

Oh God, sorry. Sorry! I'll just - just find something to -

RUSSELL:

(BURST OF LAUGHTER) I've not seen you look like that since the first day you got here, lad!

FLORENCE:

And you, I take it, are Mr William Russell. The journalist.

RUSSELL:

One and the same, Miss Nightingale. And might I say it's a privilege to meet you -

FLORENCE:

Later you might say what you will, Mr Russell, but now I suggest we give our attention to our patient.

RUSSELL:

Right you are, so!

FLORENCE:

Well, now. In the absence of a surgeon, we must proceed. Hot irons, please, Mr Schofield.

HEX:

Hot irons. Right. (BEAT) Are you sure-?

FLORENCE:

Quite sure, Mr Schofield.

RUSSELL:

It's always a mercy when the hot irons come out. Least the smell of burning flesh covers the stink from the drains some.

HEX:

Oh God. The drains. I'm so sorry, Miss Nightingale. I've been trying for weeks to get something done about them, but...

FLORENCE:

But-?

HEX:

Look, I'm sorry. I haven't done a good enough job for you.

FLORENCE:

For me-? Whatever can you mean?

HEX:

I-I just meant... I don't know what I meant.

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

(CRIES OUT)

FLORENCE:

Hot irons! Now, Mr Schofield!

(FX: HEX TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS THEN STOPS – KITCHEN ARRIVES AT THE SAME TIME, THEY SCUFFLE. SLOSH OF LIQUID IN LARGE-ISH METAL CONTAINER)

HEX:

(EXPRESSION OF BUMPING INTO SOMEONE) Sorry.

KITCHEN:

That's quite alright, doctor.

HEX:

I'm not – oh, doesn't matter.

(FX: HEX LEAVES HURRIEDLY)

RUSSELL:

(LAUGHS) Away you go, lad. (CALLING) But she'll still be here when you get back, so!

KITCHEN:

Here's the oil you needed, Miss Nightingale.

FLORENCE:

Thank you, Brigadier-general, I'll take it.

(FX: SLOSH OF LIQUID AGAIN)

FLORENCE:

(STRAINS A LITTLE)

(FX: DOUBLE DOORS OPEN, OFF, HEX EXITS, DOORS CLOSE)

KITCHEN:

May I help with something else, Miss?

FLORENCE:

Perhaps you could make sure Mr Schofield doesn't burn down the barracks, collecting the hot irons?

KITCHEN:

Right away, Miss.

(FX: KITCHEN LEAVES HURRIEDLY)

FLORENCE:

Mr Russell – would you help me fill these lamps?

RUSSELL:

Right you are.

(FX: CORK PULLED FROM CONTAINER. METAL LAMP SET DOWN ON TABLE. UNDER THE NEXT LINE: DOUBLE DOORS OPEN, OFF, KITCHEN EXITS, DOORS CLOSE, AND GLASS LAMP UNSCREWING FROM METAL LAMP BASE. GLASS SET DOWN ON TABLE)

RUSSELL:

If you don't mind my saying, you seem to have brought with you your own personal Brigadier-general there.

(FX: SMALL AMOUNT OF LIQUID BEING POURED, JUST A TRICKLE)

FLORENCE:

I do mind you saying, as a matter of fact, Mr Russell. Your implication is lascivious.

(FX: LAMP SCREWED BACK TOGETHER)

RUSSELL:

Lascivious am I?

(FX: UNSCREWING SECOND LAMP. GLASS SET DOWN ON TABLE)

FLORENCE:

Brigadier-general Kitchen and I struck a firm friendship on the journey here, rooted in a shared belief of Our Lord, and that is all.

(FX: SMALL AMOUNT OF LIQUID BEING POURED, JUST A TRICKLE)

RUSSELL:

Well then, that's me told. But don't you be telling me you don't know the effect you have on the menfolk. Just look at our Thomas Schofield. He'd fallen for you soon as he looked at you. Hook, line and the whole shebang, as they say.

FLORENCE:

(CROSS) Mr Russell, I hardly think the unwanted attentions of a well-meaning idiot should worry me any-!

RUSSELL:

Slow down there, Miss. Only having a bit of fun with you so. No harm meant. (BEAT) 'Sides, Schofield's no idiot.

FLORENCE:

Yes, so I'm told. You may replace the cover of that lamp, Mr Russell -

HEX:

(OFF, BEHIND DOORS, RAISED YELL) Bill! Bill!

FLORENCE:

What the devil...?

RUSSELL:

That was him. (ALoud) Thomas-?

HEX:

(OFF, BEHIND DOORS, TO BARTY) What are you doing?! For God's sake-!

(FX: OFF, DOUBLE DOORS CRASH OPEN)

KITCHEN:

(ENTERING, DRAGGING HEX) It's unforgivable!

RUSSELL:

Hoy there, you! Brigadier-general! Put that man down!

HEX:

Bill! This guy's gone off his head!

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew? You're among friends, Bartholomew, all is well.

HEX:

Yeah? I'm not! He just went for me with his fists!

KITCHEN:

There are some things even God cannot forgive!

RUSSELL:

Thomas, move away slowly.

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew-?

KITCHEN:

We are at war! And in war nothing can forgive collaboration. God demands penance! And for your actions – the penance is death!

(FX: SABRE IS DRAWN)

HEX:

Aw, gettoff-!

KITCHEN:

No!

FLORENCE:

Put the weapon down, Bartholomew.

RUSSELL:

(COMMANDING) Brigadier-general! Sheathe your blade, man!

KITCHEN:

You – stay out of this!

RUSSELL:

(WALKING) Well, if it's a fight you'd be after...

FLORENCE:

Mr Russell! No!

(FX: RUSSELL THROWS PUNCH. A SOLID CONTACT OF FIST ON JAW)

KITCHEN:

(EXPRESSION OF BEING HIT)

RUSSELL:

To me, lad!

HEX:

(SCRAMBLING UP) Thanks, Bill. That guy's a nutter!

FLORENCE:

(WITH KITCHEN) Bartholomew? Are you alright-?

KITCHEN:

Yes, yes. (TO HEX) 'Nutter' I may be, but you, sir – you are a collaborator!

HEX:

No, mate. You've got this all wrong.

RUSSELL:

Come on, now. I've known Thomas Schofield there more than a month, and a man less likely to be a collaborator you'll not find in these here barracks.

KITCHEN:

He's just admitted it to me himself!

HEX:

I didn't say nothing!

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew?

KITCHEN:

He implicated himself!

FLORENCE:

Mr Schofield – did you say anything that could have been misconstrued in any way?

HEX:

Look, all I said was... He asked me how I'd got here. If I was a sightseer, whatever that means. And I said I'd arrived with two friends... But that they were dead now, for all I know.

FLORENCE:

And is that when the Brigadier-general struck you?

HEX:

No. I said... (BEAT) I said I wished Ace and the Doctor could've met you. Miss Nightingale.

RUSSELL:

(SHOCKED) The Doctor?

HEX:

(SHEEPISH) Yeah.

RUSSELL:

Ace... and the Doctor?

HEX:

Sorry, Bill. I know you guys didn't exactly get off on the right foot, that's why I never mentioned them to you before, like.

RUSSELL:

Brigadier-general. My apologies to you.

HEX:

Oh God, here we go.

RUSSELL:

I suggest you arrest this man Schofield for suspicion of collaboration in wartime. Before I beat him black and blue myself.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 25: INT. ANTECHAMBER (ST P'BURG) [EARLY OCT]

SEYMOUR:

(SOTTO) Now then, Doctor. The Tsar. You will be sure to observe all the proper forms of address throughout the interview-?

DOCTOR:

(ALoud) Sir Hamilton. I've dined with Tsars and danced with Czarinas. Crossed wits with emperors and crossed swords with kings. I know what I'm doing.

SEYMOUR:

(WORRIED) Nonetheless, protocol dictates -

DOCTOR:

Protocol is for dullards.

(FX: DOUBLE DOORS OPENED)

NICHOLAS:

(IN NEXT ROOM, COUGHING, ILL) He may approach.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Don't worry, Ambassador. I shall endeavour not to offend etiquette. (FX: WALKS THROUGH DOOR, ACROSS PARQUET FLOOR)

SEYMOUR:

Best of British, then - (REALISATION, HISSED) Your hat, man! Remove your [hat-]

(FX: DROWNED OUT AS DOORS CLOSE)

SCENE 26: INT. STATE ROOM (ST P'BURG) [EARLY OCT]

(FX: DOCTOR WALKING ACROSS PARQUET FLOOR. STOPS)

DOCTOR:

Your Majesty. I'm the Doctor.

NICHOLAS:

So you are.

DOCTOR:

We've never met before, but I have it on good authority that I'm a close personal friend of yours.

NICHOLAS:

Yes. (COUGHS) You may sit.

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

(FX: CHAIR SCRAPES BACK. CREAK AS DOCTOR SITS)

NICHOLAS:

So. I'm told you helped the British destroy my fleet at Sebastopol?

DOCTOR:

I'm told so, too.

NICHOLAS:

(BORED) Yes... I was warned you could be rather oblique.

DOCTOR:

Now. Having established my guilt – what's the plan, your Majesty? Fake my escape from your dungeons and set me up as a double agent?

NICHOLAS:

You should have to present a convincing traitor first.

DOCTOR:

... or I might be a triple agent, yes. Perhaps I'm not an agent at all.

NICHOLAS:

There is a samovar prepared. Help yourself to tea.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. (FX: CLINK OF FINE CROCKERY) Such fine crockery. And such lovely spoons. (FX: TAPS SPOON AGAINST CROCKERY) Real gold, if I'm not mistaken.

NICHOLAS:

(BORED) Yes, yes...

DOCTOR:

I'll be mother. (FX: POURING TEA) So. This war of yours. What do you think of it so far, your Majesty?

SCENE 27: INT. SMALL ROOM (FT ALEXANDER, SEB' POL) [EARLY OCT]

(FX: AS SCENE 6. DISTANT CANNON FIRE. OUTSIDE, FAR BELOW, SEVERAL SOLDIERS ARE PLAYING A GAME WHERE THEY BALANCE ON TENT PEGS: ELONGATED 'WHOAHHHHS', FALLINGS-OFF, LAUGHTER)

ACE:

(ALoud) Pack it in, will you-?

(FX: THE SOLDIERS CONTINUE THROUGHOUT...)

ACE:

I said - (TO SELF) Oh, what's the use-?

(FX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS OFF, APPROACHING DOOR. HEAVY KEY INSERTED INTO AND TURNED IN A LOCK. CELL DOOR OPENS)

ACE:

Mr Writer Man. You again.

TOLSTOY:

I. Yes. (SETTING DOWN TRAY) I have brought you breakfast, Ace.

ACE:

Yeah, and you can take it right back. Wouldn't feed it to a Killoran -

(FX: ANOTHER BURST OF LAUGHTER FROM FAR BELOW)

ACE:

(ALoud) Pack it in!!! (TO TOLSTOY) They've been doing that since the crack of dawn. The sentries. Playing some stupid game.

TOLSTOY:

(CROSSING TO WINDOW) Ah yes. They are balancing on tent pegs.

ACE:

Hilarious. I know they're balancing on tent pegs. Why?

TOLSTOY:

Because if they stay on long enough I give them a piece of ginger cake or some tobacco, whatever they have a fancy for. (ALoud, TO SOLDIERS BELOW) Dolohov is cheating again! You make him do it on the left leg, now! (TO ACE) It is good fun. (BEAT) Ace. You must eat the gruel.

ACE:

Yeah, you try it, Lev!

TOLSTOY:

You think I get any different?

ACE:

... Besides, how are you supposed to eat breakfast without the back of a cereal packet to read?

TOLSTOY:

'Cereal-?'

ACE:

I've read everything these walls have got to offer. (READING) "Natasha, my love! February the sixth 1802." "Innocent! Nikolai Petrovich, December the nineteenth 1841." "Book me a seat on the next TARDIS out of here. Ace, October the second 1854." (BEAT) Oh, pass the gruel, will you?

TOLSTOY:

Look on the bright side. At least you can read Russian.

ACE:

(EATING) Yeah — (SUDDEN REALISATION) Oh my God!

TOLSTOY:

Ace-?

ACE:

I can read Russian! There's me thinking the TARDIS was —

TOLSTOY:

TARDIS-?

ACE:

(TO SELF) ... and all the time, I'm reading Russian, talking Russian —

TOLSTOY:

Evidently.

ACE:

Stupid, stupid, stupid —

TOLSTOY:

Ace-?

ACE:

(LOW, TO HERSELF) OK. Escape from Russian prison. Find TARDIS somewhere in the Crimea. Track down the Doctor in St Petersburg. (BEAT) Three impossible things before breakfast it is, then...

SCENE 28: INT. STATE ROOM (ST P'BURG) [EARLY OCT]

NICHOLAS:

... The war, yes. I doubt I shall win.

DOCTOR:

No-?

(FX: CONTINUES POURING TEA)

NICHOLAS:

You don't look sorry for me, Doctor. People are always feeling sorry for me. Your Sir Hamilton, he feels sorry for me. But he doesn't do anything to help me.

DOCTOR:

(FX: PASSING TEA) Your tea, your Majesty.

NICHOLAS:

Thank you, Doctor. (SLURPS TEA) Brigadier-General Kitchen, he is worse, for he pities me.

DOCTOR:

I took him for a man of conscience.

NICHOLAS:

True. I have no time for pity. But a man of conscience has something I can use.

(FX: DOCTOR SETS SPOON ON SAUCER; CUP BRIEFLY SCRAPED ON SAUCER)

DOCTOR:

And which do you think I will offer you, your Majesty? My sympathy, or my pity?

NICHOLAS:

I would say you are a man of conscience, Doctor. You say what you mean, what you think must be said. Your air of mockery tells me you honour this in your actions also.

DOCTOR:

You think I mock you?

NICHOLAS:

You don't sympathise, like Seymour does. You show no tendency to pamper me with platitudes. Yet you don't pity me either. It's almost as if you... empathise...

DOCTOR:

You bear a great responsibility, Tsar. You keep your people alive, you keep your country going. You've achieved remarkable

things in the running of your Empire, yet you remain outwardly unremarkable yourself.

NICHOLAS:

This is the destiny of some men. And does that sound like you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps.

NICHOLAS:

(SIGHS) Oh, I cannot decide what to do with you. To free a guilty man would be foolish. But to execute an innocent would weigh heavy on my conscience.

DOCTOR:

(SLURPS TEA) Well, yes –

NICHOLAS:

(CRUEL) I do not wish to be made a fool. And I have more than enough on my conscience. (CALLING) Guard! (COUGHS)

(FX: DOUBLE DOORS OPEN. GUARD ENTERS, APPROACHES)

NICHOLAS:

Return this man to my dungeons. I do not wish to see him again.

DOCTOR:

But – I thought we were getting along. We're having tea!

NICHOLAS:

I defer my judgement. If it means you live out the rest of your days beneath my palace – so be it. (TO GUARD) Take him away.

(FX: CHAIR SCRAPES BACK)

DOCTOR:

Let go of me, there's no need for this!

NICHOLAS:

I have no use, Doctor, for men of conscience who do not pity me. Goodbye.

(FX: GUARD AND DOCTOR MOVE OFF, SCUFFLING)

DOCTOR:

(DRAGGED AWAY) No! Get off me! This isn't right!

NICHOLAS:

(LOW) No use at all...

SCENE 29: INT. SMALL ROOM (FT ALEXANDER, SEB' POL) [EARLY OCT]

ACE:

(TO TOLSTOY) You still here, Lev-?

TOLSTOY:

Of course. I have not told you the news yet.

ACE:

The Doctor. You've heard something about the Doctor-?

TOLSTOY:

No. No, I am afraid not. Ace, you will be leaving Fort Alexander. Today!

ACE:

They're letting me go-?

TOLSTOY:

No. You will be transferred to another prison.

ACE:

Great. Guess it can't be any worse than this.

TOLSTOY:

But it is. Army prison, the conditions are terrible. But you are a lucky lady, Ace.

ACE:

Yeah, I'm not feeling all that lucky right now -

TOLSTOY:

... for three reasons. One, the new prison is out of range of the British guns.

ACE:

Suppose I might at least get a good night's sleep.

TOLSTOY:

Two, it is early October.

ACE:

So-?

TOLSTOY:

The cold weather is killing the flies.

ACE:

Right -

TOLSTOY:

Mind you, soon it will start to kill the prisoners also.

ACE:

Yeah, I'm not sure 'lucky' quite covers that one.

TOLSTOY:

(DARK) You have not yet seen the new prison.

ACE:

Three reasons, you said?

TOLSTOY:

Oh, yes. I am to transport you there.

ACE:

And then-?

TOLSTOY:

Hard to say. We have to assume that the chain of command remembers about you at all.

ACE:

Oh, great. Same goes for the Doctor, I suppose-?

TOLSTOY:

(DEADPAN) Who?

ACE:

Funny. (BEAT) Right then, Lev. You going to take me to prison, or what?

SCENE 30: INT. CORRIDOR (ST P'BURG) [EARLY OCT]

(FX: GUARD MARCHING DOCTOR ALONG ECHOING CORRIDOR)

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) Let me go! I tell you there's been a mistake! This isn't what is supposed to happen!

KITCHEN:

(APPROACHING) Guard, what's going on here?

(FX: ALL COME TOGETHER AND STOP)

DOCTOR:

Brigadier-general Kitchen! Contrary to what I'd been led to believe, the Tsar isn't going to arrange for my so-called 'escape' –

KITCHEN:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

So I was wondering if you and Sir Hamilton couldn't pull a few strings, and get me 'unincarcerated'?

KITCHEN:

If you're a prisoner of war there's not a great deal we can do until the war's over. You should have stayed at home, Doctor. Let it be a lesson to you.

(FX: KITCHEN MOVES OFF)

DOCTOR:

Oh, don't let it trouble your conscience. (DESPERATE) I know you have a conscience, Brigadier-general. The Tsar himself told me all about it!

(FX: KITCHEN STOPS, PAUSES, RETURNS)

KITCHEN:

What do you mean by that?

DOCTOR:

I wonder what he could have meant, though? Probably nothing. Although a man with a conscience, a military man, who disagrees with the war policy of his own country...

KITCHEN:

I don't know what it is you think you know, Doctor...

DOCTOR:

A man who may even be ashamed of it. What could such a man's conscience lead him to, I wonder?

KITCHEN:

... but I assure you you do not want to play games with me.

DOCTOR:

Oh, this isn't a game, Brigadier-general. This is a war. And war makes people do terrible and shameful things. But you know that already – don't you, Bartholomew Kitchen?

KITCHEN:

Guard! I believe you have your orders.

(FX: KITCHEN MOVES OFF HURRIEDLY)

KITCHEN:

(MOVING OFF) I suggest you carry them out and throw that man in the palace dungeon.

DOCTOR:

(LOW, PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) Well... That seems to have stirred things up a bit...

(FX: LONG ECHO ON DOCTOR'S LINES AS WE MOVE FORWARD IN TIME TO:)

REPRISE

(FROM SCENE 24:)

KITCHEN:

... (TO HEX) 'Nutter' I may be, but you, sir – you are a collaborator!

HEX:

No, mate. You've got this all wrong.

[...]

FLORENCE:

Mr Schofield – did you say anything that could have been misconstrued in any way?

HEX:

Look, all I said was... He asked me how I'd got here. If I was a sightseer, whatever that means. And I said I'd arrived with two friends... But that they were dead now, for all I know.

FLORENCE:

And is that when the Brigadier-general struck you?

HEX:

No. I said... (BEAT) I said I wished Ace and the Doctor could've met you. Miss Nightingale.

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 31: INT. KITCHEN'S ROOM (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

(FX: OFF, MUTED, FLORENCE KNOCKS ON THE INTERIOR DOOR)

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew? Are you resting? Bartholomew...?

KITCHEN:

(LOW, TO HIMSELF, QUOTING THE DOCTOR) "What could such a man's conscience lead him to...?"

(FX: DOOR OPENS, FLORENCE ENTERS, STOPS)

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew, I wish to speak to you about Thomas Schofield –

KITCHEN:

(TO SELF) ... I wonder.

FLORENCE:

Are you quite well, sir?

KITCHEN:

... Thomas Schofield, you say? The boy's a traitor, Miss Nightingale. A collaborator, by heaven!

FLORENCE:

You are here to assist with the medical effort, Bartholomew. And it would be of the greatest assistance to me if you were to withdraw your allegations regarding Thomas Schofield! They are disruptive, distracting and, from what I gather, entirely without foundation!

KITCHEN:

I shall determine his innocence.

FLORENCE:

You shall not, sir. That comes within the purview of Our Lord.

KITCHEN:

The Doctor was a double agent. A spy in the pay of the Tsar! Schofield – Schofield is guilty by his self-confessed association!

FLORENCE:

He is a boy! And a more innocent-looking one I can scarcely imagine..

KITCHEN:

Ask Russell, madam! He knows! He'll tell you!

SCENE 32: INT. HOLDING CELL (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

HEX:

Bill, it was a month ago! The Doctor left a month ago and I don't know where he is!

(FX: METAL MUG PLACED ON A TABLE)

RUSSELL:

(TO SELF) Sure, that's the worst cup of tea I've ever had. Tastes like the inside of a Muscovite's breeches.

HEX:

How long are you gonna keep us locked up here? Bill?

RUSSELL:

As long as needs be, lad. (BEAT) Why didn't you tell me you knew the Doctor?

HEX:

Cos I knew you'd get me arrested! I didn't think anyone would try and kill me, though...

RUSSELL:

You admit he's a traitor then.

HEX:

The Doctor is not a traitor! And neither am I. Bill, you've known me a month. We're friends. Then Kitchen turns up and suddenly you think I'm public enemy number one!

RUSSELL:

(YAWNS) I don't know what to think, to give you the truth of it.

HEX:

You look tired...

RUSSELL:

Not too tired to keep an eye on you, don't be worrying yourself about that now. (YAWNS) I am feeling awful tired, mind -

HEX:

Yeah. That'll be the pentobarbital kicking in.

RUSSELL:

(DROWSY) 'Pento-bubb-it-all'?

HEX:

(FX: STANDING UP, SCRAPING BACK CHAIR) Tastes like the inside of a Muscovite's breeches. Apparently.

RUSSELL:

(DROWSY) Something... something in the tea?

HEX:

Fraid so. Stay there, Bill.

RUSSELL:

(DROWSY) What's that? Hey! You're not going anywhere, you –

HEX:

(SOFTLY) Just close your eyes, mate...

RUSSELL:

(DROWSY) Damn, but me legs won't – won't...

HEX:

(SOFTLY) It's just a sedative. It won't hurt you.

RUSSELL:

(DROWSY) Thomas, you're a... a...

HEX:

I know, mate.

(FX: CLUNK AS RUSSELL'S HEAD HITS THE TABLE. CUT)

SCENE 33: INT. KITCHEN'S ROOM (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. EFFECTED, FROM RUSSELL'S DRUGGED POV)

KITCHEN:

(FX: DRUG FX) Russell! Wake up, man! Russell!

RUSSELL:

Whuh-?

KITCHEN:

(FX: DRUG FX) Dammit -

(FX: SPLOSH OF COLD TEA IN RUSSELL'S FACE. SHIFT TO NORMAL PERSPECTIVE)

KITCHEN:

Awake now-?

RUSSELL:

(SPLUTTERING) Tea! Cold tea. Damn!

KITCHEN:

What d'you think you're playing at, sleeping on duty?

RUSSELL:

Kitchen. I'm not - I wasn't...

KITCHEN:

He's escaped! Thomas Schofield!

RUSSELL:

... I'm not on duty, sir!

KITCHEN:

Never mind that, we have to find him!

SCENE 34: INT. CHAPEL (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

(FX: MATCH FLARES)

FLORENCE:

(LOW, CLOSE) I light this candle in His name.

(FX: CRACKLE OF FLAME. DOOR CREAKS OPEN, OFF. BEAT)

FLORENCE:

(ALoud) Come in, soldier. Don't be afraid. The chapel is a place of peace.

(FX: DOOR CLOSES BEHIND. FOOTSTEPS)

FLORENCE:

Come. Kneel beside me. We can pray together, if you'd like.

(FX: RUSTLE OF HEAVY GREATCOAT AS HEX KNEELS)

HEX:

(LOW) It's me, Miss Nightingale.

FLORENCE:

(SHOCK) Thomas Schofield! But... (BEAT; LOW) The Brigadier-general has got soldiers looking for you everywhere.

HEX:

(LOW) Yeah. I've been buried in this greatcoat for hours. Thought you'd come here sooner or later.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) You've been waiting for me-?

HEX:

(LOW) Yeah.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Surely you don't expect me to help you escape the barracks?

HEX:

(LOW) What good's escaping gonna do me? My only friends in the world are more than likely... (TRAILS OFF) Well, if they're still around, they'll be expecting to find me here. Look. I came here to Scutari to help. I still want to do that, if I can.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Well then. That explains it.

HEX:

(LOW) Explains what?

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Why, the mystery of you, Thomas Schofield.

HEX:

Of me-?

FLORENCE:

Before I left London, I met with Sir Sidney Herbert – he's the [Minister for War-]

HEX:

... Minister for War, yeah –

FLORENCE:

... Well, he told me all about your strange and sudden appearance. An angel descended upon Scutari, to minister to the sick...

HEX:

(LOW) You what-? (BEAT) Look – it's you's the angel, not [me]
–

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Don't make light of it, Thomas.

HEX:

(LOW) But it is! You're pretty much a saint, you are. Someone who gives themselves over completely to what they believe. I don't. I just help people. I can turn it on or off.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) And you will turn it off when your friends return?

HEX:

(LOW) I guess. I have got a life outside hospitals and that, you know.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Ah. Not like me, is that correct?

HEX:

(LOW) Oh, hey, I didn't mean –

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Sir Sidney despairs of me, too. He thinks I should be married. In fact, he even suggested I might employ my so-called "feminine wiles" in pursuit of the mystery of you.

HEX:

(LOW) Do what-?

FLORENCE:

(LOW) I asked him if he quite remembered to whom he was speaking. To his credit he blushed rather at that.

HEX:

(LOW) (DISAPPOINTED) No wiles. Fair enough.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Are you disappointed, Mr Schofield-?

HEX:

(LOW) Well, you are pretty hot.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) I beg your [pardon-?!?]

HEX:

(LOW) Oh, hey. It's just something they say where I come from. It's a compliment.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) It sounds more like a blasphemy. (BEAT) The two friends you say you've lost; are they the ones Mr Russell was talking about?

HEX:

(LOW) Ace and the Doctor, yeah. But he's wrong about them being collaborators.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Are you close to them?

HEX:

(LOW) The Doctor's not the easiest of guys to get close to. But yeah, I think so. And Ace... I thought at one point I really wanted to get close to her. You know?

FLORENCE:

(LOW) I know.

HEX:

(LOW) But I'm not so sure anymore. Ace is... well, she keeps you guessing. Any time she kissed you, you'd think it could be the last.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) You... kiss her a lot?

HEX:

(LOW) You kidding? She'd break my arm if I tried! I miss her, though. Her and the Doctor. But it's like - like they're a package deal, you know. You don't get one without the other.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Are they – related?

HEX:

(LOW) You'd think so sometimes, listening to them argue. I'd always had the idea of travelling with the Doctor as this temporary kind of thing. That it'd end. It's not like that for Ace, though. Maybe it was once, but not any more.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) But your heart is still in England.

HEX:

(LOW) Kind of. I belong somewhere. The Doctor doesn't. Or he belongs everywhere, I don't know. And Ace belongs with him. If they're still alive, I hope they're still together.

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Thomas, I –

HEX:

What? What is it?

FLORENCE:

I don't know how to tell you. In London, Sidney told me that the Brigadier-general had hunted down and killed a traitor in Kursk. A man known only as the Doctor.

(PAUSE)

HEX:

(LOW) What about Ace?

FLORENCE:

(LOW) I don't know. (PAUSE) Perhaps we should pray for them both-?

HEX:

(STANDING; A BIT TEARY) Won't do them any good, though, will it?

FLORENCE:

Don't go, Thomas. Let me talk to Bartholomew again. Perhaps he can be persuaded he was mistaken –

HEX:

What – about me being a traitor? Or about his killing my friend? (WALKING) Oh, look – I think I just want to go now. Find out for sure what happened to Ace.

FLORENCE:

Thomas –

HEX:

(FX: WALKING) They called me Hex. Me name's Hex.

FLORENCE:

(FX: GETTING UP, GOING AFTER HIM) Thomas. Come back. Thomas –

HEX:

Save it.

(FX: OPENS DOOR INTO:)

SCENE 35: INT. CORRIDOR (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

(FX: MUSKET CATCH)

RUSSELL:

Stay right where you are, Thomas Schofield.

HEX:

Bill!

RUSSELL:

Put your hands where I can see 'em.

HEX:

Listen, I don't want any trouble –

RUSSELL:

Good. You wouldn't want to make it any harder on yourself, lad. (CALLING OFF) Kitchen! Kitchen!!!

(FX: DOOR FROM CHAPEL)

FLORENCE:

(ENTERING) What's the meaning of –

HEX:

See for yourself. You gonna shoot me, Bill? Really?

FLORENCE:

Mr Russell, what d'you think you're doing? The chapel is a place of worship-!

RUSSELL:

Ah, but this would be the corridor outside the chapel, Miss Nightingale. I'm desecrating nothing.

HEX:

Been waiting for me, have you, Bill?

RUSSELL:

Reckoned there was one person round here you was soft enough on to seek out.

HEX:

You reckoned right.

FLORENCE:

Mr Russell! Lower your weapon. Please-!

RUSSELL:

(FX: LOWERS MUSKET) Ah, but it's only for show. For sure there's no shot inside – see? (BEAT) Still, you'll give yourself up to me, lad. If you know what's good for you.

HEX:

You've got to be kidding.

RUSSELL:

You'll just be locked up 'til all this can be sorted out, that's all.

HEX:

Right. And your Brigadier-general is gonna settle for that, is he-?

RUSSELL:

I –

HEX:

He's gonna have me shot. So I'm not stopping. (WALKS)

RUSSELL:

(OFF) Thomas, please! I'm trying to give you a chance here!

HEX:

(WALKING, RAISED) I've not done nothing wrong! All I've tried to [do is-]

KITCHEN:

(HOLLERED FROM OFF) Stop right there, Schofield!

HEX:

Aw, hell. (STOPS)

KITCHEN:

(FX: STRIDING DOWN CORRIDOR) You're going nowhere, traitor!

FLORENCE:

(RUSHING UP) Bartholomew!

KITCHEN:

Out of my way, Miss Nightingale –

FLORENCE:

Set your pistol aside, Bartholomew. (CALLING OFF) And you, Thomas Schofield, you do as the Brigadier-general asks and stand where you are! (BEAT) Now. This matter may be settled fairly if you would both but come together and speak to one another as gentlemen!

RUSSELL:

(OFF) She's right, lad.

FLORENCE:

Thomas? What do you say?

HEX:

If your Brigadier-general will hear me out, yeah.

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew...?

(FX: LONG REVERSE ECHO INTO FLASHBACK)

SCENE 36: EXT. CITY OF SEBASTOPOL [EARLY OCT]

(FX: FADE UP. CART AND HORSE ON COBBLES)

TOLSTOY:

(TO HORSE) Steady now.

(FX: HORSE WHINNIES)

ACE:

(WINCING) Lev-! Injured woman here!

TOLSTOY:

I apologise!

ACE:

Yeah, cobblestones and broken ribs don't mix. Is it far? Cell Block H?

TOLSTOY:

The prison? Not far. Just at the bottom of the hill.

ACE:

Thanks, Lev.

TOLSTOY:

What for? Ace?

ACE:

Coming to see me every day. Keeping me company.

TOLSTOY:

It was a pleasure, I assure you. And to be honest I had an ulterior motive.

ACE:

Don't tell me. Odakhovsky?

TOLSTOY:

Uh-huh. Bet me seventy-five roubles you would either be shot or sent to St Petersburg without having kissed me. Not that I wouldn't have wanted to kiss you if he had not made the bet. I mean, I would have tried anyway. To kiss you. Or rather to get you to want to kiss me. If you see what I mean...

ACE:

Well, seeing as I won't see you again...

TOLSTOY:

You make it sound like you are expecting to die. You are not so badly injured.

ACE:

Just shut up, will you? (KISSES HIM. A BIT LINGERING)

TOLSTOY:

(BREAKING OFF) Well...

ACE:

Don't spend the money all at once. And sorry.

TOLSTOY:

Don't be —

ACE:

I meant — Lev, this is my last chance to escape. So — (STRAINS WITH EFFORT, SHOVING HIM OFF CART)

TOLSTOY:

(SURPRISE) What — waaaah!

(FX: TOLSTOY'S YELL MOVES OFF. IMPACT AS HE HITS THE COBBLES, OFF)

TOLSTOY:

(OFF, EXPRESSION OF PAIN)

ACE:

Sorry! Sorry! It's just — I've got to find my friends. (TO HORSE) Yah!

(FX: REINS LASH. HORSE WHINNIES. HOOVES AND WHEELS INCREASE PACE)

TOLSTOY:

(OFF) Ace! Stop! There are soldiers!

ACE:

You what-?

(FX: 6 X RUSHING BOOTS ON COBBLES, APPROACHING)

ACE:

(TO SELF) Oh, hell-!

SOLDIER:

Halt! Halt there! You may not pass!

ACE:

(TO HORSE, ALOUD) Come on!!! Move!!!

(FX: REINS LASH, WOOD CREAKING, STRAINING)

SOLDIER:

(OFF) She is English!

TOLSTOY:

(RUSHING UP, FROM OFF) No, please – you do not understand!

SOLDIER:

Fire at will!

SCENE 37: INT. CELL (ST P'BURG) [EARLY OCT]

(FX: JANGLE OF KEYS FROM BEHIND DOOR. DOOR SWINGS OPEN)

DOCTOR:

Sir Hamilton! A pleasure to see you again!

SEYMOUR:

(STIFF) Good morning, Doctor. (TO GUARD, SPEAKING AS IF TO IDIOT) Just one moment, guard. You understand?

RUSSIAN DUNGEON GUARD:

(GRUNTS)

(FX: DOOR CLOSES. SEYMOUR DESCENDING STEPS)

DOCTOR:

You've succeeded, then? I'm to be unincarcerated?

SEYMOUR:

(STOPPING, EMBARRASSED) I – have just now received a communiqué from the office of the Russian Minister For War. I – (BREAKS OFF) Well, perhaps you should read it. (FX: PASSING PAPER; RUSTLES)

DOCTOR:

(FX: TAKING PAPER) Let me see. (READING) "You are informed by the Palace of Tsar Nicholas I, on this day the seventh of October in the year 1854, and on the authority of –" Yes, yes, yes... Ah! "... that the prisoner known as the Doctor is to be –" (BREAKS OFF)

SEYMOUR:

I'm afraid so, old man.

DOCTOR:

So much for his Majesty's conscience. Well now. That's put a spanner in the works.

SCENE 38: INT. BRITISH EMBASSY (ST P'BURG) [EARLY OCT]

(FX: FADE UP. KITCHEN UNSTOPPERS A GLASS DECANTER, PICKS IT UP OFF METAL TRAY, POURS A SPIRIT, RESTOPPERS THE DECANTER, PUTS IT DOWN, PICKS UP THE GLASS)

KITCHEN:

To mortal sin. (DRINKS DOWN IN ONE GULP) (BRIEF BITTER LAUGH)
And those she may claim –

(FX: LARGE DOUBLE DOORS BURST OPEN. SEYMOUR ENTERS)

SEYMOUR:

(WALKING) It's an outrage, Barty! A bally outrage!

KITCHEN:

Ah, Seymour. Keep me company in a drink –

SEYMOUR:

(STOPS) What? No, thank you, too early for me. (FX: FLAPPING PAPER) Have you read this-?

KITCHEN:

Ah. The Doctor's fate has been decided.

SEYMOUR:

They're going to shoot him, Barty! First thing tomorrow! Damn!

KITCHEN:

Sit down, old boy.

SEYMOUR:

But we must do something!

KITCHEN:

Just sit down, will you?

SEYMOUR:

Stop telling me to sit down! I don't want to sit down! There's only one thing for it. We must break the poor chap out!

KITCHEN:

Seymour, it was the Doctor who delayed the fleet on September the twentieth.

SEYMOUR:

What? But...

KITCHEN:

He invented a story that the Tsar was about to surrender Sebastopol, and advised our chaps to wait. That of course allowed the Russian generals to properly form the city's defences.

SEYMOUR:

But – that would have cost countless lives! On both sides!

KITCHEN:

(INTROSPECTIVE) I've long suspected the Doctor, but I've only just had it confirmed by my man in Sebastopol.

(FX: DRAWER OPENS. RUSTLE OF A COUPLE OF PIECES OF PAPER. DRAWER CLOSES. KITCHEN SLAPS DOWN PIECES OF PAPER ON THE DESK)

KITCHEN:

I was about to deliver my full report to you. You'll need to sign that, by the way.

SEYMOUR:

So the Tsar thinks he's executing a British agent for signalling the location of the Russian fleet...

KITCHEN:

... while in fact he's putting to death one of the Russian military's own double-agents, yes.

SEYMOUR:

Well – if that's true why hasn't the military piped up and claimed their man?

KITCHEN:

That's the price a double-agent knows he may have to pay: if they admit he's a double-agent then we'd know we'd been compromised, and would start rooting around for more of the fellows.

SEYMOUR:

Sounds dashed complicated to me, Barty. And you've had this confirmed, you say?

KITCHEN:

Hundred per cent reliable source, I'm afraid. I've drafted a telegram for you to send to Sir Sidney Herbert ahead of the report.

(FX: KITCHEN TAPS A PIECE OF PAPER ON HIS DESK)

KITCHEN:

You should sign that, too.

SEYMOUR:

Well, if you're absolutely sure...

KITCHEN:

Absolutely. (FX: PUSHING PAPER) Sign.

SEYMOUR:

(FX: PEN ON PAPER) You're the fellow in the know, Barty. Chap's still a hero, to my mind.

KITCHEN:

(FX: CROSSING TO DRINKS TRAY) All our heroes are dead, Seymour.

(FX: POURS ANOTHER DRINK. BEAT)

KITCHEN:

(LOW) All our heroes are dead.

REPRISE

(FX: FADE UP. FROM SCENE 36:)

ACE:

(TO HORSE, ALOUD) *Come on!!! Move!!!*

(FX: REINS LASH, WOOD CREAKING, STRAINING)

SOLDIER:

(OFF) *She is English!*

TOLSTOY:

(RUSHING UP, FROM OFF) *No, please – you do not understand!*

SOLDIER:

Fire at will!

(CONTINUE INTO:)

SCENE 39: EXT. CITY OF SEBASTOPOL [EARLY OCT]

TOLSTOY:

(OFF, RUNNING) *Ace! Look out!*

ACE:

(STRAINING, FRANTIC) *Left, you stupid horse! Left! –*

(FX: HALF A DOZEN MUSKET SHOTS)

ACE:

Oh God. Doctor, Hex – (CRIES OUT)

(FX: SHOTS HIT CART. SPLINTERING WOOD. HORSE WHINNIES AS CART BEGINS TO OVERTURN –)

(FX: CRASH. LONG ECHO INTO FLASH-FORWARD:)

REPRISE

(FX: FADE UP. FROM SCENE 35:)

FLORENCE:

... Now. This matter may be settled fairly if you would both but come together and speak to one another as gentlemen! [...] Thomas? What do you say?

HEX:

If your Brigadier-general will hear me out, yeah.

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew...?

(CONTINUE INTO:)

SCENE 40: INT. CORRIDOR (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

(BEAT)

KITCHEN:

I say the boy's a collaborator. To hell with him.

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew, no-!!!

RUSSELL:

(RUSHING OVER) Damn it, Kitchen —

HEX:

Oh God. Ace —

(FX: PISTOL FIRES)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE

(FROM SCENES 36/39:)

SOLDIER:

Fire at will!

TOLSTOY:

(OFF, RUNNING) Ace! Look out!

ACE:

(STRAINING, FRANTIC) Left, you stupid horse! Left! –

(FX: HALF A DOZEN MUSKET SHOTS)

ACE:

Oh God. Doctor, Hex – (CRIES OUT)

(FX: SHOTS HIT CART. SPLINTERING WOOD. HORSE WHINNIES AS CART BEGINS TO OVERTURN –)

(FX: CRASH)

(CONTINUE INTO:)

SCENE 41: EXT. CITY OF SEBASTOPOL [EARLY OCT]

(FX: SPINNING CARTWHEEL SLOWS. TOLSTOY RUNNING UP; 6 X SOLDIERS RUNNING UP FROM APPROX 20 YARDS FURTHER BACK, IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION)

TOLSTOY:

(FX: RUNNING TO STOP) Ace! Ace, are you alright?

(FX: FELLED HORSE SNORTS)

TOLSTOY:

Mishka. Hush. (BEAT) Ace...?

ACE:

(GROANS, OFF)

TOLSTOY:

(FX: RUSHING OVER) Are you shot? Ace?

ACE:

Don't think so. Ohh, but I'm not in any hurry to try that again.

TOLSTOY:

Here, take my hand.

ACE:

Cheers – (WINCES)

(FX: SOLDIERS RUN TO HALT. MUSKETS COCKED)

SOLDIER:

Ensign Tolstoy! Move away from the prisoner!

TOLSTOY:

Ace. You must surrender yourself.

ACE:

You think?

TOLSTOY:

I think.

ACE:

Yeah. (BEAT) Sorry again, Lev –

SOLDIER:

(WARNING) Ensign – watch her!

TOLSTOY:

What?

(FX: TOLSTOY'S SWORD UNSHEATHED BY ACE)

TOLSTOY:

Hey! My sabre!

ACE:

(SOTTO) Play the hostage, Lev, or I'm dead. (TO SOLDIERS) Back off, Boris, or Ensign Tolstoy here gets run through!

TOLSTOY:

Are you mad-?!?

ACE:

(SOTTO) Just get on the horse, Lev.

(FX: THEY TAKE A FEW HURRIED STEPS)

TOLSTOY:

She still has half the cart hanging off her!

ACE:

(EFFORT)

(FX: SABRE IMPACTS ON WOOD. HARNESS AND STRUTS FALL ON COBBLES. HORSE STAMPS, WHINNIES)

ACE:

Not any more! Now get on the horse!

TOLSTOY:

Whatever you say. (EFFORT – MOUNTS HORSE)

(FX: SNORT OF A HORSE. STAMP OF HOOVES ON COBBLES)

ACE:

(EFFORT – MOUNTS HORSE) (SOTTO) Right. You drive this thing, I'm not qualified.

TOLSTOY:

(SOTTO) This is mad! Mad-!

ACE:

(SOTTO) Welcome to my world. Go go go!

TOLSTOY:

Yah! Yah!

(FX: SLAPS THE HORSE. HORSE WHINNIES, GALLOPS OFF. A FEW MUSKET SHOTS AFTER. FADE)

SCENE 42: INT. CELL (ST P'BURG) [EARLY OCT]

(FX: JANGLE OF KEYS FROM BEHIND DOOR. DOOR SWINGS OPEN)

DOCTOR:

Sir Hamilton! Come to visit the condemned man?

RUSSIAN DUNGEON GUARD:

(OFF) Three minutes. That is all, yes?

SEYMOUR:

Yes, yes –

(FX: DOOR SHUTS)

SEYMOUR:

(FX: WALKING DOWN STEPPS) Well, I've come to – (SOTTO) –to rescue you, I suppose you could say. I think.

DOCTOR:

Really? How kind. But I'm afraid it's not convenient.

SEYMOUR:

Not convenient?!? You're to be shot at dawn, man!

DOCTOR:

Nonetheless, the laws of causality decree that I must remain in this dungeon until the Minister of War has received official confirmation that I'm a traitor to the Crown.

SEYMOUR:

(EMBARRASSED) Oh. Yes. Barty – Brigadier-general Kitchen – was rather persuasive on that score. Sorry.

DOCTOR:

So you've sent your report to London?!?

SEYMOUR:

Went against the grain, mind you. Been turning it over and over in my mind ever since, thinking – what if...?

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes. And did the report detail everything about me? Right down to the bloodstains on my jersey?

SEYMOUR:

Well, yes.

DOCTOR:

Ha ha! Thank you, Sir Hamilton, you have just ensured the continuity of the timeline!

SEYMOUR:

And that's good, is it?

DOCTOR:

Very. Now then. Escape –

SEYMOUR:

Oh. Yes. I'd thought – you play sick, I'll call the guard and trip him, accidentally on purpose, as he descends the steps. While he's seeing stars, you whip off his key chain [and –]

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Alternatively: I could wait until you've gone and let myself out – (FX: CLATTER OF SPOONS AS DOCTOR RETRIEVES THEM FROM HIS POCKET) ... with this.

SEYMOUR:

Doctor, is that a key-?

DOCTOR:

Fashioned from one of the Tsar's gold spoons. Took me over a week to file it down against the wall.

SEYMOUR:

(A BIT CRESTFALLEN) So you could have escaped here at any time in the last two days?

DOCTOR:

I could. But not before you'd sent that report. Otherwise, I'd never have come here in the first place. And things would have got terribly confusing.

SEYMOUR:

I... see. I think. Look here, Doctor. Whatever you are, can you promise me you're not a collaborator?

DOCTOR:

What I can promise you, Ambassador, is that the identity of the collaborator will be revealed in due course.

SEYMOUR:

It will-?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely. But first –

SEYMOUR:

Ah, yes. You need to escape from the Palace.

DOCTOR:

No. I need to get to the kitchens. Meet me outside the dungeon entrance in five minutes. You can show me the way.

SCENE 43: INT. PEASANT'S HOVEL (RUSSIAN VILLAGE) [EARLY OCT]

(FX: CRACKLE OF AN OPEN FIRE. OFF, BUT NOT MUTED COS THERE'S NO GLASS IN THESE WINDOWS. WE HEAR THE GALLOP OF PERHAPS HALF A DOZEN HORSES MOVING PAST ON GRASS AND MUD THEN OFF)

ACE:

(HISSED) Get away from the window!

TOLSTOY:

It's alright, they've ridden past.

(FX: CREAK THEN CLATTER OF WOOD AS SHUTTER IS CLOSED)

ACE:

Sorry I got you into this, Lev. Your guys must be pretty serious about finding me.

TOLSTOY:

Or me. We should leave here as soon as possible, Ace. I don't want to bring trouble to the peasants.

ACE:

Oi, don't call them that! The *villagers* helped us. Saw we needed help, didn't ask why, and hid us. Fed us, too, even though they've got pretty much nothing.

TOLSTOY:

Well, yes. They are simple, noble people.

ACE:

You really are a writer, aren't you?

TOLSTOY:

What do you mean by that?

ACE:

Well, it's all romantic exaggeration, isn't it? There's nothing noble about going hungry.

TOLSTOY:

There are many of us who strive to improve the conditions of our own peasants.

ACE:

Don't say [that-] (DOUBLE-TAKE) What do you mean, *your* peasants?!

TOLSTOY:

I am a Count, remember? I have three hundred and fifty peasants. Or at least, I had. I lost my family home at cards last month. I threw in the peasants on the final raise...

ACE:

Gambling with people's lives. Nice.

TOLSTOY:

We landowners may be noble by birth, Ace, but I see now we are ignoble in deed. The peasants, they are they other way around. They did not make this unworthy war.

ACE:

Is that why you're still here, Lev? You don't want to go back to Sebastopol?

TOLSTOY:

I'm no coward! But you are a woman, who needs the help of a strong man –

ACE:

I'm a woman who needs to get to St Petersburg, and you're my best hope of getting there.

TOLSTOY:

Ah, yes. To find your Doctor.

ACE:

Yeah, and the TARDIS.

TOLSTOY:

Your blue box, that fell in the harbour?

ACE:

It's like – she's round here somewhere. It's almost like I can feel her...

TOLSTOY:

Come on. We should leave, before the soldiers return.

(FX: THEY MOVE OFF, THIN EXTERIOR DOOR OPENS, NOISE OF WIND HEARD OFF, EXIT ONTO MUD, DOOR CLOSSES)

SCENE 44: INT. PALACE KITCHENS (ST P'BURG) [EARLY OCT]

(FX: WATER BOILING. RUSHING SOLDIERS' BOOT-STEPS PASSING BY, FROM CORRIDOR OFF)

SEYMOUR:

(SOTTO) Hurry, Doctor! It sounds as though the whole Palace Guard has been turned out to look for you –

DOCTOR:

Never fear, Sir Hamilton. I've finished. (TO HIMSELF) Just insert the stopper...

(FX: CORK SQUEAKS ON GLASS)

DOCTOR:

Yes. I think that should do the trick.

(FX: COUPLE OF TAPS ON FULL GLASS BOTTLE)

SEYMOUR:

So this... bottle... will enable you to find your friend, Ace. Like a compass.

DOCTOR:

In a manner of speaking, yes. I coated the TARDIS key with a thin saline solution mixed with dried particles of Ace's blood from my pullover.

SEYMOUR:

Yes. I'm not really following a word of this, you know, but it sounds bally clever.

DOCTOR:

The residual energy in the key oxidises the blood and serves to suspend it in the oil. See?

(FX: TAPS BOTTLE AGAIN)

SEYMOUR:

And you're telling me that's pointing towards this Ace?

DOCTOR:

... and the markings here indicate the approximate distance between St Petersburg and Sebastopol.

SEYMOUR:

Well I never. How accurate is it?

DOCTOR:

Not very, I'm afraid.

SEYMOUR:

But will it find Ace, or your... 'TARDIS'?

DOCTOR:

If my supposition about the fate of my TARDIS is correct, it'll find them both. Hmmm. By the looks of it, Ace isn't in Sebastopol anymore...

KITCHEN:

(OFF) Guard! Guard! Has anyone thought to check the kitchens?

SEYMOUR:

(SOTTO) That's Barty!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I'll leave by the back way. Sir Hamilton, thank you for trusting me.

SEYMOUR:

My pleasure. I hope.

DOCTOR:

Oh, and one more thing. It's vitally important you don't tell anyone that I wasn't really a Russian collaborator.

SEYMOUR:

Are you sure?

DOCTOR:

Positive. (FX: OPENS EXTERIOR DOOR) Goodbye, Sir Hamilton.

SEYMOUR:

Goodbye, Doctor. (FX: DOCTOR EXITS, DOOR CLOSSES. BEAT) (TO SELF) Bally confusing business, this -

(FX: THEN INTERIOR DOOR OPENS, KITCHEN HURRIES IN)

KITCHEN:

(OUT OF BREATH A LITTLE) Seymour? What the devil-?

SEYMOUR:

Ah, Barty. Come for a cup of tea?

KITCHEN:

Have you seen the Doctor?

SEYMOUR:

He's in the dungeons, old boy.

KITCHEN:

He's escaped, you fool! (CALLING OFF) He's not in here. Search everywhere! I want that man found and executed!

SCENE 45: EXT. RUSSIAN PLAIN [OCT]

(MUSIC: ONE PIECE OF MUSIC BINDS SCENES 45-53, MAKING THIS A MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

(FX: FADE UP. HOWLING WIND. BLIZZARD. A COUPLE OF TAPS ON A FULL GLASS BOTTLE)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Keep moving, Ace, I'll find you. Unless the Brigadier-general and his men catch up with me first... Or I freeze to death...

(FX: DOCTOR TRUDGES OFF THROUGH SNOW. FADE/BLEND INTO:)

SCENE 46: EXT. DIRT ROAD [OCT]

(FX: HORSE CANTERS TO HALT)

ACE:

(ON HORSEBACK, READING MILESTONE) "Yekaterinoslav, five miles." How long's it going to take us to get to St Petersburg from here?

TOLSTOY:

(ON HORSEBACK) We can't use the major roads, and we should stay away from the train lines. The camp will have sent telegrams ahead of us all the way from here to the Palace itself by now.

ACE:

So-?

TOLSTOY:

A week, most likely more.

ACE:

Then we're gonna need a second horse...

TOLSTOY:

(FX: GATHERING REINS) On! On! Yaa!

(FX: HORSE CANTERS OFF. FADE/BLEND INTO:)

SCENE 47: EXT. RUSSIAN TOWN [OCT]

(FX: CHURCH BELLS. CREAK OF SADDLE LEATHER, SNORT OF HORSE, AS KITCHEN MOUNTS UP)

KITCHEN:

(RAISED) Alright, men. The townspeople say a man of the Doctor's description came through here two days ago. We're moving on!

(FX: 12 x HORSES START OFF. FADE/BLEND INTO:)

SCENE 48: EXT. RIVERSIDE [OCT]

(FX: RUNNING WATER OF A RIVER. CAMPFIRE BURNING. TWO HORSES SNORT CONTENTEDLY. HOOT OF NIGHT BIRDS, CHIRRUPING OF NIGHT INSECTS)

ACE:

(CLOSE) Lev, what are you going to do when we get to St Petersburg?

TOLSTOY:

(CLOSE) Oh, I thought I'd hand you over to the Tsar. There must be a substantial bounty on your head by now: The Beautiful British Spy...

ACE:

(CLOSE) We could just pretend you've been my hostage all this time.

TOLSTOY:

(CLOSE) We could do that...

(FX: WOLF HOWL FAR OFF. FADE/BLEND INTO:)

SCENE 49: EXT. FOREST [OCT]

(FX: DOCTOR RUNNING THROUGH BRACKEN. MUSKET SHOTS, OFF. SOME RICOCHET OFF TREES AT VARIOUS DISTANCES FROM US)

KITCHEN:

(WELL OFF, SHOUTING) Pick your shots between the trees! Aim, you useless shower, aim!

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING, CLOSE, OUT OF BREATH) (TO SELF) Just try not to hit anything. There's a good posse –

KITCHEN:

(WELL OFF) There he is, in the moonlight! There, Lieutenant!!!

DOCTOR:

(GROANING TO SELF, MOVING OFF) Oh no –

(FX: ONE PARTICULAR MUSKET SHOT, OFF, FOLLOWED BY SHATTERING GLASS CLOSE TO US)

DOCTOR:

(SHOCK) The bottle!

KITCHEN:

(WELL OFF) Shoot! Shoot!

(FX: A COUPLE OF PARTICULAR MUSKET SHOTS FOLLOWED BY VERY CLOSE IMPACTS ON TREES)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) But how am I going to find you now, Ace...?

(FX: DOCTOR RUNS OFF. FADE/BLEND INTO:)

SCENE 50: EXT. ROAD [OCT]

(FX: TOLSTOY AND ACE RIDING HARD, ON 2 x HORSES. BEHIND, THE YAP OF A PACK OF DOGS, AND SOLDIERS PURSUING ON HORSEBACK)

TOLSTOY:

(RIDING HARD, SHOUTING AHEAD) Go right at the pass, Ace! We'll abandon the horses in the forest – the dogs will follow *their* scent, not ours!

ACE:

(RIDING HARD, SHOUTING BACK) Just make sure you keep up with me, Writer Man!

(FX: GALLOP OFF, DOGS YAPPING. FADE/BLEND INTO:)

SCENE 51: INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE [OCT]

(FX: BELL JANGLES AS DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(WALKING UP TO COUNTER) Good day. This is the telegraph office, yes? (FX: UNFOLDING PAPER) I'd like you to send this message to Sir Hamilton Seymour, care of the royal palace in St Petersburg. It's rather urgent, so I'll wait for the reply.

(FX: METAL-TAPPING MORSE CODE. FADE/BLEND INTO:)

SCENE 52: INT. BRITISH EMBASSY (ST P'BURG) [OCT]

SEYMOUR:

(TO SECRETARY) Take a letter. (DICTATING) For the attention of the Doctor, from Sir Hamilton Seymour, British Embassy, St Petersburg. Message reads: Sorry to hear of demise of your marvellous contraption. Stop. All information suggests Ace still heading north. Stop. Pursuers forcing her towards city of Kursk. Stop. Expected there within two days. Stop. God speed. Stop. Message ends.

(FX: METAL-TAPPING MORSE CODE. FADE/BLEND INTO:)

SCENE 53: EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE [OCT]

(FX: HORSES WAITING. WOODEN DOOR SHUT — BELL JANGLES)

KITCHEN:

(WALKING QUICKLY TO HORSE) We've got him, Lieutenant! Telegraph operator says he was here at this office yesterday. He's heading for Kursk! (FX: MOUNTING HORSE) We'll be there by midnight. And when we do — (FX: REINS) — I'll be going in alone!

(FX: THEY RIDE OFF. FADE)

(MUSIC: END OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE)

SCENE 54: EXT. KURSK STREET [OCT]

(FX: FADE UP. HIGH WIND. TRUDGING FOOTSTEPS ON COBBLES)

TOLSTOY:

(STOPS, BREATHLESS) Kursk. At last.

ACE:

Lev. Come on. There must be a stable or something.

TOLSTOY:

I do not believe I can go any further, Ace – horse or no horse.

ACE:

I meant to sleep in, dummy.

TOLSTOY:

No. It is too dangerous. The soldiers will be here by morning. (DECISIVELY) Ace – you go. I shall wait here. When they arrive, I shall try to send them in the wrong direction.

ACE:

But what if they catch you-?

TOLSTOY:

I will say you were a double agent all along. Failing that, I will buy them off.

ACE:

What with?

TOLSTOY:

Odakhovsky's seventy-five roubles, of course! (BEAT) Go. Find your Doctor. Find your TARDIS.

ACE:

It was nice to meet you, Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy.

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING – THE DOCTOR'S. WITH KITCHEN ON HORSEBACK NOT FAR BEHIND)

TOLSTOY:

(LEANING OVER HER) Come closer. The pleasure was [all mine –]

ACE:

... Leave it out, Lev. Someone's coming-!

TOLSTOY:

I hear hoofbeats. Oh God, they have gained on us-!

DOCTOR:

(OFF, RUNNING) Aaaaaaaaaace!

ACE:

I don't believe it –

TOLSTOY:

Impossible. It cannot be –

ACE:

It bleeding well can! (FX: RUNNING TO MEET HIM) Doctor!
Doctor!!!

(FX: SLIGHT PERSPECTIVE SHIFT. CROSS TO:)

DOCTOR:

(FX: RUNNING TO HALT) Ace-!!!

ACE:

(FX: RUNNING UP) I don't get it. How'd you know to find me
[here-?]

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) No time –

KITCHEN:

(FX: RIDING TO HALT, OFF) Oh yes! Doctor! I have you now-!

ACE:

I'm guessing the guy on horseback waving a sabre isn't
friendly-?

DOCTOR:

Far from it!

KITCHEN:

(FX: DISMOUNTING AND STRIDING PURPOSEFULLY UP) Ten days and
two hundred miles later, here we are. Stand, sir! You should
stand and face me, not cower in some peasant woman's shadow!

ACE:

(CALLING) Oi-!!! I don't know who you are, pal, but you are so
not making a good first impression!

KITCHEN:

An Englishwoman-?!?

TOLSTOY:

(FX: STRIDING TO STOP – AT OPPOSITE SIDE OF SOUNDSCAPE TO
KITCHEN) Yes, sir. And she is no peasant!

DOCTOR:

(BEMUSED) Ace...?

KITCHEN:

Oho, and a Russian Ensign! Why, I do believe I've stumbled on a viper's nest of spies and traitors!

ACE:

(TO DOCTOR) That's Lev. Remember?

TOLSTOY:

Do you accuse me, sir?

KITCHEN:

I do, sir!

DOCTOR:

(TO ACE) You know, his face seems oddly familiar. Couldn't put my finger on it before –

ACE:

(TO DOCTOR, FAUX-INNOCENT) No-?

TOLSTOY:

(FX: UNSHEATHING SWORD – SHING!) Then – prepare to die, sir!

TOLSTOY/KITCHEN:

(FX: CHARGING TOWARDS ONE ANOTHER, IE TO MEET IN THE CENTRE OF THE SOUNDSCAPE, AND CONTINUING THROUGH ACE/DOCTOR DIALOGUE BELOW:) Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa... /Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah...

DOCTOR:

(TO ACE) Never mind that now. Quickly, Ace. Before our two acquaintances hack one another to pieces – hug me.

ACE:

What-?

DOCTOR:

Our lives depend on it!

ACE:

Well, if you say so – (THEY HUG)

(FX: INSTANTLY, A 'SHIMMERING' EFFECT...)

ACE:

What the-?

DOCTOR:

Now – stand well back-!

(FX: THE 'SHIMMERING' BECOMES THE TARDIS MATERIALISATION)

ACE:

The TARDIS-?!?

DOCTOR:

(WARNING TOLSTOY & KITCHEN) You two – mind!

TOLSTOY/KITCHEN:

(FX: CHARGE INTO THE SUDDENLY SOLID TARDIS) ... aaaaah!

(FX: HEADS KLONK! CLUNK! INTO TARDIS. BODIES FLOMP! FLUMP!
ONTO GROUND)

ACE:

(FX: RUSHING TO TOLSTOY) Lev? (BEAT; ALOUD) He's out for the count!

DOCTOR:

The Brigadier-general too.

ACE:

Doctor, the TARDIS. It's –

DOCTOR:

... white, I know. I'll explain later.

TOLSTOY:

(STIRRING) Ace-?

ACE:

We'll be off now, Lev. Thanks for everything.

TOLSTOY:

(GROGGY) Don't mention it –

DOCTOR:

His face really is familiar..

KITCHEN:

(STIRRING)

ACE:

Yeah, before your sabre-wielding chum comes back for more?

DOCTOR:

Of course – (REALISATION) Oh no! The key!

ACE:

Don't tell me you've lost it-?

DOCTOR:

In the forest. When my Ace-detector shattered..

ACE:

Obviously. (FX: 'REVEAL' STING) Just as well I thought to bring a spare...

DOCTOR:

(CROSS) But that should be –

ACE:

... in a cubby hole above the 'P' of "Police Box", yeah.

DOCTOR:

(SNATCHING KEY) Give me that. (FX: OPENING DOOR) (ENTERING TARDIS) The spare key is not to be removed!

ACE:

(FOLLOWING) Yeah, yeah. Whatever you say –

(FX: DOOR SLAMS. BEAT. TARDIS BEGINS TO DEMATERIALISE)

KITCHEN:

(STIRRING) What-? (REALISATION) No! No!!! Come back, damn you! Come back!

TOLSTOY:

Too late, comrade. They are gone. Dis-apparated. I think, therefore, our disagreement is ended? (FX: TRUDGES AWAY)

KITCHEN:

Dis-apparated...? But – they can't! (INTO THE AIR) Doctor! Come back! Doctor! DOCTOR-!!!

SCENE 55: INT. TARDIS (CONTROL ROOM)

(FX: THE DOCTOR FLICKING SWITCHES)

ACE:

Am I glad to be back in here!

DOCTOR:

(BUSY) Yes, yes...

ACE:

So come on, then: how'd you do it? Bring the TARDIS back? You got a sneaky remote control, or something?

DOCTOR:

In a sense. You're my remote control, Ace. The TARDIS followed you to me.

ACE:

Do what?

DOCTOR:

The readings confirm it. As I suspected: when the cannonball hit the TARDIS in Sebastopol, it caused the Hostile Action Displacement System to activate.

ACE:

Yeah, but – white TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

Ah. Well. The cannon shot must have shattered her corporeal shell.

ACE:

Must have. Yeah.

DOCTOR:

I daresay most of it ended up drifting in the Black Sea.

ACE:

So all the while the TARDIS has been floating in the vortex –

DOCTOR:

... waiting for you to find me, Ace –

ACE:

... she's been growing a new shell-?

DOCTOR:

In essence, yes.

ACE:

Still a Police Box, though.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure the colour will come, in time. (FX: BLIPS) Now – let's see what Mister Hex has been up to..

ACE:

Whoa whoa whoa! Backtrack there a minute. 'Remote control'? 'Waiting for *me* to find *you*-?'

DOCTOR:

The sea is not a fixed substance. So when the TARDIS sensed that you were holding on to her when you both went into the water at Sebastopol, she chose to re-emerge from the vortex at your space-time location.

ACE:

Riiight –

DOCTOR:

Alas, you're not a Time Lord, so she couldn't trace you.

ACE:

... I get it. The hug!

DOCTOR:

Fooled her into thinking you had the double hearts-beat of a Time Lord, [yes –]

(FX: ALERT GOES OFF ON THE CONSOLE)

ACE:

What's that?

(FX: DOCTOR FLICKING SWITCHES. UP A HIGH PITCHED PULSE EFFECT)

DOCTOR:

A hypersonic pulse emanating from the area of Turkey, at ten-fourteen p.m. on the nineteenth of November, 1854.

ACE:

Hypersonic-?

DOCTOR:

(ACCUSATORY) Hex!

REPRISE

(FX: FADE UP. FROM SCENES 35/40:)

FLORENCE:

... Now. This matter may be settled fairly if you would both but come together and speak to one another as gentlemen! [...] Thomas? What do you say?

HEX:

If your Brigadier-general will hear me out, yeah.

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew...?

(BEAT)

KITCHEN:

I say the boy's a collaborator. To hell with him.

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew, no-!!!

RUSSELL:

(RUSHING OVER) Damn it, Kitchen -

HEX:

Oh God. Ace -

(FX: MUSKET FIRES)

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SCENE 56: INT. CORRIDOR (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

HEX:

(IS HIT, IN THE SHOULDER. CRIES OUT AND GOES DOWN)

RUSSELL:

Now what in heaven's name did you do that for-?

KITCHEN:

(FX: RELOADING PISTOL THROUGH:) The Doctor is a proven collaborator. Thomas Schofield is a self-confessed associate of the Doctor.

RUSSELL:

And that means he has to die?

HEX:

(GASPING) Oh God, that hurts-!

FLORENCE:

(WITH HEX) Thomas. Let me see.

HEX:

It's me shoulder –

FLORENCE:

I know. (FX: RIPPING MATERIAL)

KITCHEN:

(TO RUSSELL) Everyone has to die! Our army was delayed for days outside Sebastopol. And now they are dying! Don't you see? They all have to die! (FX: PISTOL RECOCKED) Save your efforts, Miss Nightingale. A shot through the heart will end his misery.

RUSSELL:

(SHOUTING) Brigadier-general! Shooting this boy will not appease your own daemons!

HEX:

(WOUND TOUCHED) God-!

FLORENCE:

Stay still, Mr Schofield! I can see – the shot has passed through the clavipectoral fascia...

HEX:

Anything else-?

FLORENCE:

... I need more light. Mr Russell! Procure me a lamp, if you please!

HEX:

I don't believe it. The one time the Lady with the Lamp's without a lamp, is when she's treating me –

FLORENCE:

Be quiet!

RUSSELL:

... A lamp. For sure, yes –

KITCHEN:

Don't move-!

RUSSELL:

Brigadier-general, whoever yer man here has for friends, I won't let him die for the want of a lamp – and there's an end to it.

KITCHEN:

I'm warning you-!

HEX:

Bill, for God's sake get out of the way, he'll just shoot you too -

FLORENCE:

Lie still. There is - much blood.

HEX:

Listen. Miss Nightingale. Florence. In the pocket of me tunic, there's this - kind of wand thing?

RUSSELL:

(TO FLORENCE) It's no good, Miss Nightingale. Reckon as we're gonna have to dig it out, with our fingers, like -

HEX:

(TO FLORENCE) Just - give it here, will you-?

FLORENCE:

This is no time for magic tricks, Mr Schofield!

HEX:

Please. He's gonna kill me for it, but I'm dead otherwise. If you see what I mean.

FLORENCE:

(FX: RUSTLING IN TUNIC) This-?

HEX:

That's it. Give it here -

KITCHEN:

(STRIDING OVER) What the devil-?

RUSSELL:

What is it, lad?

(FX: BLIP. THIN SONIC PULSE - AS HEARD IN TARDIS IN SC 55)

HEX:

Hypersonic scalpel -

FLORENCE:

(TAKING IT) For surgery? It is - warm.

KITCHEN:

Hand it over, Miss Nightingale.

FLORENCE:

What, Bartholomew? Would you shoot me too?

KITCHEN:

I – I don't know. (ANGRY) Hand it over!

FLORENCE:

Very well –

(FX: KITCHEN'S BOOT STAMPS ON SCALPEL. SHATTERS. PULSE CUTS OFF)

HEX:

Well, that's me done for –

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISATION BEGINS)

FLORENCE:

Do you – hear something?

KITCHEN:

No-!!!

HEX:

Oh yes-!

KITCHEN:

Apparating again! The white box-!

HEX:

Eh-?

RUSSELL:

What in heaven's name-?

(FX: MATERIALISATION COMPLETE. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(EXITING TARDIS) Hello. Us again. Brigadier-general.

HEX:

Doctor! Ace!

ACE:

(FOLLOWING DOCTOR) Alright face-ache? ... (SEEING HEX'S WOUND)
Oh my God, what's happened?

KITCHEN:

Keep back! Oh, but I won't squander my second chance. This time, Doctor, you'll stay dead – (GRABBED BY THROAT BY RUSSELL) – glurg!

RUSSELL:

No, but I shan't squander me first.

KITCHEN:

(GASPING) Please – let go of me –

RUSSELL:

Not until you drop the pistol –

(FX: PISTOL ON FLOOR)

RUSSELL:

There's a good fellow. Now sit down-!

(FX: KITCHEN SHOVED TO FLOOR)

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Mr Russell. First things first:

ACE:

(FX: RUSHING OVER) ... Hex.

FLORENCE:

Stay out of the light, please-!

ACE:

If you stay out of my face, mush-!

FLORENCE:

I beg your pardon-?

HEX:

Yeah, don't fight, girls –

DOCTOR:

I think he's in good hands, Ace. Miss Florence Nightingale, I presume-?

FLORENCE:

Yes, but –

DOCTOR:

Delighted to make your acquaintance. Now: Mr Russell. I'm sure my friend Ace here will be more than willing to apologise to you later...

ACE:

... yeah, or give you the chance of a rematch...

DOCTOR:

... but in the meantime, would you please contact Sir Hamilton Seymour in St Petersburg. He will validate my credentials.

RUSSELL:

Ah, but you'll have to do better than that –

FLORENCE:

This is the Doctor? The man you killed, Bartholomew?

ACE:

Killed-?

KITCHEN:

They dis-apparated! What else could I say?

ACE:

Erm, why was he so eager to kill you, anyway?

DOCTOR:

Well, because when we met in St Petersburg, I hinted to the Brigadier-general that I knew his secret.

ACE:

Secret-?

DOCTOR:

... and after that, he had to try and eliminate me. By fair means or foul.

RUSSELL:

What secret-?

KITCHEN:

Oh, can't you guess, man-? I – I was the one who alerted the Tsar to the naval action of the twentieth of September. I am responsible for the army being stalled outside Sebastopol. Me!

RUSSELL:

You were the traitor-?

FLORENCE:

Of course. This is the burden that torments you so. Isn't it, Bartholomew?

KITCHEN:

It's all wrong, this war! It isn't just! There's no honour in it. No nobility.

ACE:

I met someone in Sebastopol who thinks the same way. But he's not perpetuating it by selling information to the enemy.

KITCHEN:

I sold nothing! I just thought it would stop. I thought we'd turn back when it was plain that the Russians were dug in at Sebastopol, that the war would be over.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Every act of hostility is done in the name of peace...

KITCHEN:

(WEEPING) I'm sorry. So sorry -

RUSSELL:

Ah, stop snivelling, man -

FLORENCE:

(SHAKING HEX) Mr Schofield? Thomas?

ACE:

What have you done to him-?

HEX:

(VERY WEAK) It's alright, Ace. Really.

DOCTOR:

Let me see -

FLORENCE:

He is - fading somewhat, I'm afraid.

RUSSELL:

Poor lad. Perhaps I should fetch the chaplain, like?

FLORENCE:

No. I shall treat him here -

DOCTOR:

That won't be necessary. Ace, help me with him -

FLORENCE:

You can't move him!

ACE:

Yeah - (HOISTING HEX; EFFORT) -

HEX:

(WINCES)

ACE:

... but he could catch anything in this place-! No offence, but can't you smell it?

HEX:

Miss Nightingale. Florence. I have to go, like -

FLORENCE:

Where to-? The white box-?

ACE:

If anyone asks, just say the angels took him.

FLORENCE:

But —

DOCTOR:

Come on-!

(FX: DOOR SHUTS. TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS)

RUSSELL:

Well, would you look at that-?

KITCHEN:

'The angels took him'. Ha! (HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

FLORENCE:

Quiet, Bartholomew. (BEAT) The way I see it — Thomas Schofield was an angel already.

SCENE 57: INT. TARDIS (CONTROL ROOM)

(FX: IN FLIGHT. BEEPS AND BLEEPS FROM CONSOLE)

ACE:

Hurry up, Doctor! I don't like the look of him –

HEX:

(WEAK) So what's new, eh-?

ACE:

Shut it, you.

HEX:

I'm sorry, Doctor. About the scalpel, like. You know I'd never have –

DOCTOR:

(BUSY) Time and a place, Mister Hex!

HEX:

(TO ACE) Tell him – tell him I know he was only trying to make me feel better about meself. You know, after Bliss –

ACE:

I'll have words, don't worry.

HEX:

Yeah, yeah. Time and a place –

ACE:

Doctor! Wherever we're going, we need to get there fast-!

HEX:

Don't wanna be in any poncey space hospital, mind. There's only one time and one place I wanna be right now –

DOCTOR:

I realise that, Mister Hex! And that – is precisely where we're going!

(FX: UP IN-FLIGHT PITCH; TARDIS CHANGES COURSE)

ACE:

Where-?

HEX:

He knows – (GROANS, PASSES OUT)

ACE:

Hex? Can you hear me?

DOCTOR:

... Saint Gart's.

ACE:

(FRANTIC) HEX!!!

(MUSIC: CRASH INTO END THEME)

(POST-CREDITS:)

SCENE 58: INT. CHAPEL (BARRACKS, SCUTARI) [MID-NOV]

(FX: AS SCENE 34. MATCH LIT)

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) I light this candle in His name.

(FX: CANDLE PLACED ON WOOD)

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) (BLOWS OUT MATCH) (QUOTING THE DOCTOR FROM SCENE 21) "What could such a man's conscience lead him to...?"

(FX: DOOR OPENS. FLORENCE ENTERS)

FLORENCE:

(LOW) Bartholomew.

(FX: DOOR CLOSSES. FLORENCE CROSSES THE ROOM, STOPS)

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) Men have died.

FLORENCE:

(LOW, CLOSE) Then let us pray for them together.

(FX: CREAK OF BENCH AS SHE SITS)

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) I was praying for myself.

FLORENCE:

(LOW, CLOSE) And God has heard you, and he has forgiven you.

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) I have caused – so many deaths!

FLORENCE:

(LOW, CLOSE) Then it is they for whom you were praying. Not yourself.

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) Perhaps.

FLORENCE:

(LOW, CLOSE) God forgives, Bartholomew.

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) Not me, Miss Nightingale. I will not let him. There are some things that a man cannot bear; that he does and then cannot live with. It is correct and proper that he cannot live with them. I do not ask for forgiveness. I am doing penance in the eyes of God. That is all I ask. That I suffer for what I have done.

FLORENCE:

(LOW, CLOSE) I understand. But the idea of paying penance is that it ends, Bartholomew. You balance your sin. You must at some point say, Enough.

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) And you, Florence?

FLORENCE:

(LOW, CLOSE) Me?

KITCHEN:

(LOW, CLOSE) When will your suffering have been enough?

(PAUSE)

FLORENCE:

(LOW, CLOSE) Let us pray together, Bartholomew. If not for ourselves, then perhaps for each other.

THE END

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